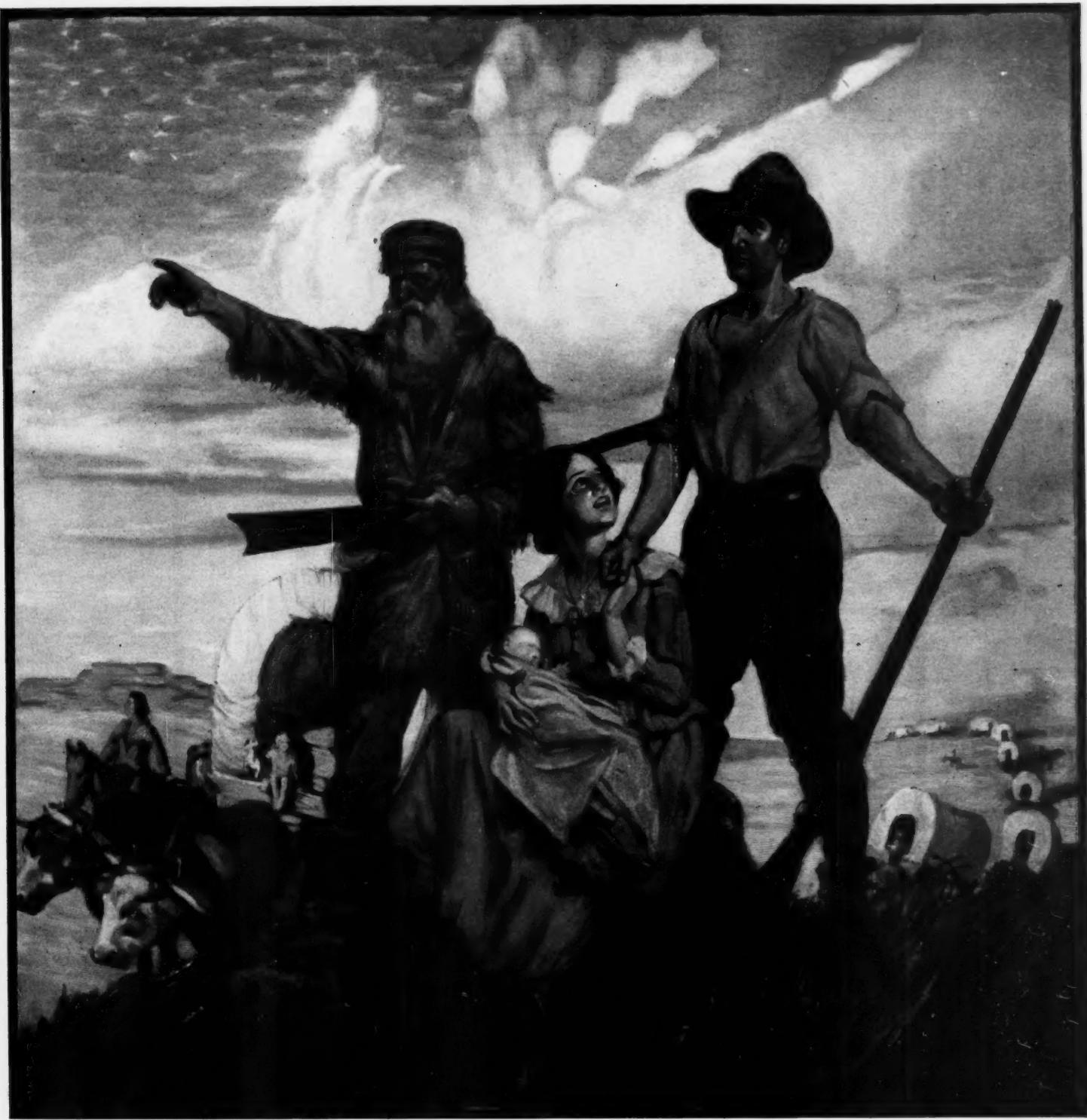
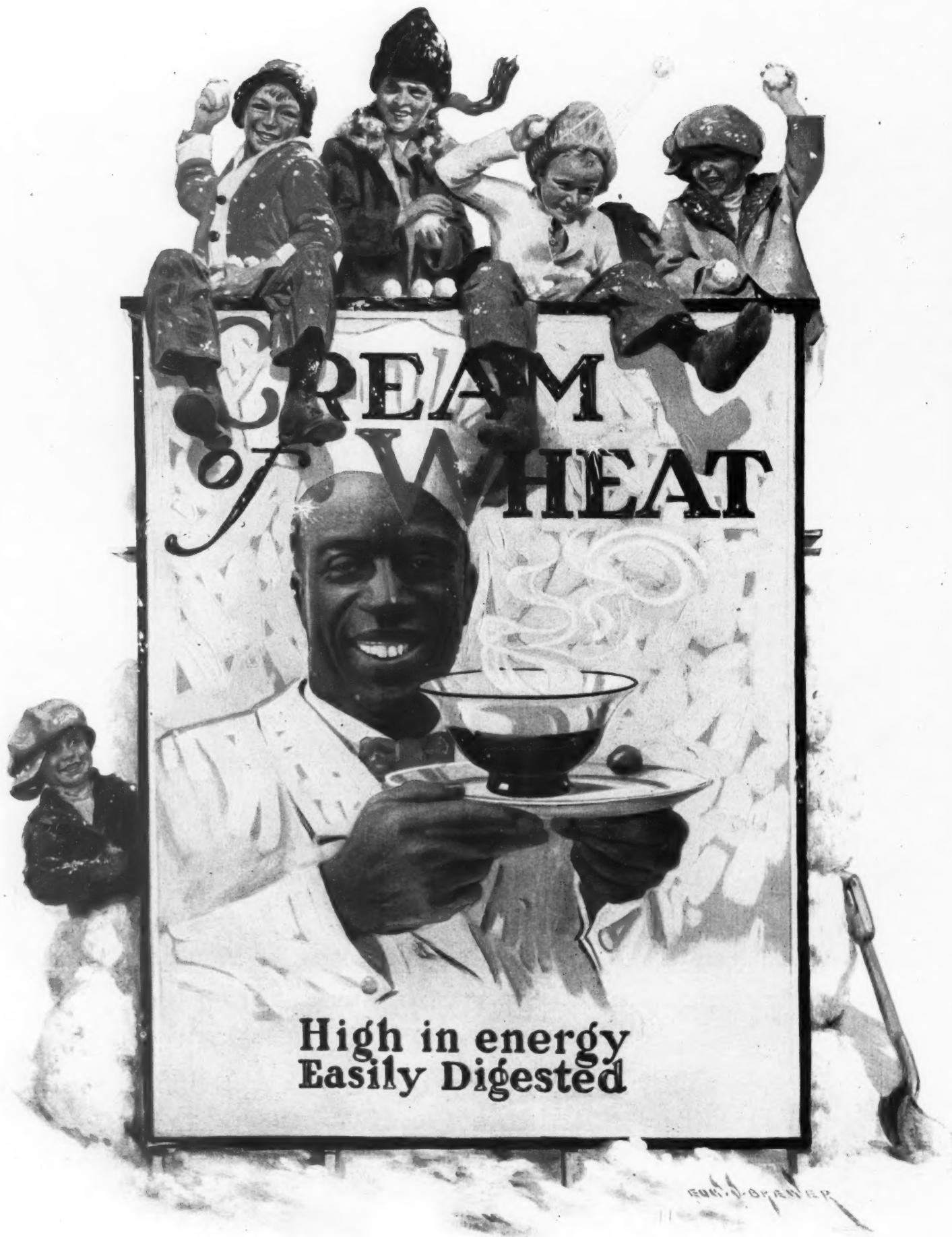


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HISTORIC
MILESTONES



TO THOSE STURDY SPIRITS FOR WHOM THE CRY OF "WESTWARD, HO!" MEANT NOT ONLY UNSTINTED ACRES BUT A BROADER AND BETTER LIFE. THE FAT PRAIRIES OF IOWA CALLED WITH A VOICE OF IRRESISTIBLE PERSUASIVENESS..THEY ANSWERED THE CALL WITH TOOLS OF MATERIAL PROSPERITY IN THEIR HANDS AND THE SEEDS OF LEARNING. STATESMANSHIP AND RELIGION IN THEIR HEARTS



WELL FORTIFIED

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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THE SOAPSTONE STOVE

By Ernest Elwood Stanford



R. HEMAN BENTLEY was wont to view the parlor of his country home with the abstracted air of one who looks at perfection not yet achieved. Heman Bentley, the Varnish King! Following Mr. Bentley through an ordinary busy day, observing the atmosphere of the big offices, the throne room of his glistening kingdom, the deference of bankers and brokers who met him at dinner, the respectful silence that greeted his emphatically expressed views at a directors' meeting, we might expect to find him in summer at some plutocratic resort. Nothing of the kind! Mr. Bentley's summer home, like Mr. Bentley himself, was little, inconspicuous and old-fashioned. In short it was a farmhouse. Neighboring farmers who remembered Hem Bentley when he had worn shoes out of those old doors only on Sunday understood that he had made money in the paint business down in the city, but they did not hold it against him; now, after an absence of forty years, they hailed him by the old familiar abbreviation. Thus fares royalty in rural America.

Inside the house a certain distinction was apparent. Other city dwellers refurbishing country houses went back as far as possible—in style if not in age—toward Hepplewhite and Adam—the period, not the garden Adam. Genuine farmers furnished mainly in golden oak or Circassian walnut (grown on a Southern gum tree). Heman Bentley's taste was that of an intermediate era, the Rutherford B. Hayes period of wax wreaths, worsted mottoes, carved cherry chairs and sofas too old for the agriculturist and too new for the antiquarian. Mr. Bentley's guests slept in turned-maple cord beds on corn-husk mattresses containing more than an occasional corn cob and were wont to compare notes on the "non-skid" properties of various fabrics on haircloth.

To family, neighbors and friends Mr.

"Generally," said Mr. Bentley in a tone that meant "always,"
"I get what I go after"

Bentley turned a deaf ear. "Don't talk to me about old stuff and new stuff. This place is going to be fixed up exactly as my father and mother had it!"

In thirty years of non-Bentley occupancy the house had been pretty thoroughly divested of haircloth and heirlooms, but thanks to the attics of the neighbors, who like true New Englanders never threw anything away, he had been able to duplicate in kind most of the furnishings. Many items, it is true, proved difficult to replace. One aching void seemed destined to remain forever unfilled. The parlor had been heated in Heman's youth by a soapstone stove of a somewhat unusual pattern. Soapstone stoves seem to have enjoyed only a limited vogue; their weight and fragility told against them. The Rock Rose XIII, the old Bentley stove, was the work, moreover, of a manufacturer who had not long endured. Soapstone stoves Mr. Bentley's researches discovered occasionally, but no Rock Roses.

An acquaintance in a hill town of northern Vermont found the exact model of parlor clock, the lack of which in the house had long been a source of exasperation to the owner. Bentley, telegraphically informed, postponed an important conference and hurried off in an old suit and an old car and spent a good half day wearing down the owner's appraisal from fifty dollars to thirty-four. That owner, a Yankee of Bentley's own stamp, "would have giv'n it away to get rid of it"; so both parted content. The purchase of a scroll-back sofa had cost Heman more time and argument than his nearly coincident acquisition of a million-dollar rival corporation.

"If that Hem Bentley," said the former sofa owner, reporting the affair, "is as sharp at sellin' paint as he is at buyin' furniture, he ought to be worth pret' nigh a million dollars." He was blissfully unaware that his estimate was much too low.

Still Mr. Bentley did not

succeed in finding his stove. He could see in his mind's eye the Rock Rose XIII in the centre of the parlor of his boyhood, with the cast-iron Grecian urn surmounting it, the ponderous door swinging open to admit some chunk too knotty to split into cook-stove wood and the heavy gray-green sides that held a blistering heat hours after a cast-iron rival would have been as chill as a refrigerator. Whether such stoves were extinct or not, he was determined to get one.

His renewed efforts were not unworthy of Sherlock Holmes; they bore fruit eventually in the discovery not only that the species Rock Rose XIII was still extant but that the actual specimen that had warmed Mr. Bentley on state occasions some forty years before was within a few miles of the old home.

After all his effort the stove was the only relic of the Bentley family that Heman had succeeded in tracing, and he posted off in a driving rain to the aged native, Dudley Perkins, who possessed it. The old gentleman had had some acquaintance with Heman years before, and each recognized the other.

"Yes," admitted Dudley Perkins, "I've got a soapstone stove, a Rock Rose XIII. It's the same one your folks used to have. I bid it in at Roger Hillquit's auction for two dollars and fifty-five cents. No great heater, it ain't, though it does heat well once it's het up. I've got kind of used to it in the years I've had it; place wouldn't seem quite natural without it."

Mr. Bentley's bargaining instinct, which had suffered a chill at the old gentleman's knowledge of the history of the stove, warmed hopefully midway of this bit of conversation. "No," he said thoughtfully. "It would cost a fortune to use that stove at the present price of wood. I'd thought, though, of putting back one of those old-timers in the parlor, just for old time's sake. Would five dollars make you whole on it?"

"I expect, lookin' at it from a merely financial point of view, it might," vouch-safed Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Bentley took out his pocketbook, which he had purposely filled somewhat sparsely, and offered a bill. "Well, then," he said easily, "suppose we call it a trade. I'll send a truck for the stove."

Mr. Perkins inspected the bill with near-sighted interest, but shook his head. "No, Heman," he replied mildly. "I guess not."



"You'd almost double your money," said Mr. Bentley persuasively. "What more do you want when you're making a trade?"

Mr. Perkins did not reply for some time, and, violating the best rules of the technique of trading, Heman repeated the question. Mr. Perkins shook his head more slowly than before, but just as decidedly.

"I expect," he drawled, "if I was really to hang out about that stove, you'd give me as much as fifty dollars. You could afford it."

"You expect wrong!" said Mr. Bentley, putting on his cap. "You can't hold me up," "I ain't a-goin' to hold you up, Heman," said Mr. Perkins placidly. "Not that way anyhow." After a moment's silence he continued: "You know, Heman, they say you done pretty well in the world."

"Well?" inquired Mr. Bentley tartly.

"And I expect I ain't. I've worked twelve hours a day all my life hard, and I've got just enough with good luck to see me through."

"You're lucky," said Mr. Bentley grimly.

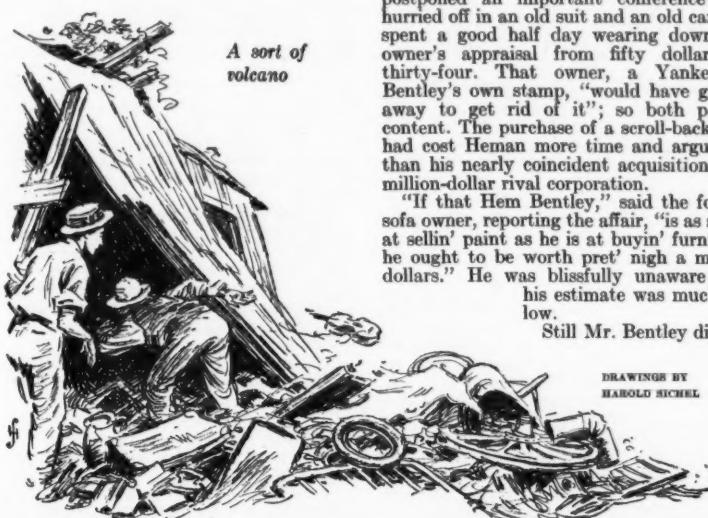
"I doubt if I can say as much."

"I'd take a chance on swappin'," replied Mr. Perkins. "You know, you an' your kind of folks have lots of things I've wanted and didn't get. Mebbe it's sinful, but I've got some satisfaction the last two years o' my life while you've been makin' such an everlastin' to-do in the search for that stove in sittin' here sayin' nothin', but thinkin' for the first time in eighty year I've got somethin' a millionaire wants an' can't git! No, Heman, you can't buy that stove."

And from that conclusion no coaxing or ridicule or money could move him.

It may seem that Mr. Bentley might have found some comfort in the probability that the octogenarian's heirs would prove more reasonable. But "to last like a Perkins" had been a proverb in the countryside for more than a century. Heman had an uncomfortable suspicion that Dudley Perkins might still be using that stove some time after he himself ceased wanting one.

But the fiasco only increased his deter-



miration to fill the lack in his parlor. He inquired; he advertised; he wrote to the numerous Bentley clan and to the numerous Bentley friends. The ubiquitous Bentley traveling man knew that a handsome premium and the personal notice of the "big boss" would reward the discovery of a soapstone stove, Rock Rose XIII.

Once the quest almost succeeded. Heman Bentley, driving a single guest from Sharon station, was hailed by an elderly man clad mainly in a faded blue shirt and a pair of patched brown trousers held up by a single suspender. "Oh, Hem! I say, Hem!"

Instead of rolling majestically by, Mr. Bentley slithered to a full stop. "What is it, Joe?"

"Hem, you remember Jim Boyden?" The ancient, looking up, closed one eye to keep off the sun.

"Yes, Joe."

"It's come to my mind he had a Rock Rose. Used to buy consid'able junk, Jim did. It may not have been a thirteen. The old shop's tumbled down—"

Young Dave Mullen, beside Mr. Bentley in the car, grabbed a top support as the runabout backed and slewed sharply round. Mr. Bentley was no smooth driver. He pulled out his watch. "We'll be late to dinner—lunch," he said as he stepped on the accelerator. "Mrs. Bentley won't like it."

Young Mullen, bumped for some fifteen minutes over a road that seemed to have been abandoned for ten years, unclasped his hand lamely from the top support and watched with amazement as Heman Bentley hopped nimbly out and began to wrestle bare-handed with the piled-up ruins of a little old wooden building.

In a moment he came back to the car and took out a short iron bar, a hammer and a short spade.

"Guess you'll have to help," he said crisply.

It was Mr. Bentley's way to command labor. Only the young man's desire for a better acquaintance with the Bentley daughter prevented a collision.

It took more than half an hour to pry away the fallen side of the building enough to afford access to an interior piled helter-skelter with scrap iron and mouldering furniture. Mr. Bentley looked at the wreckage ruefully for a moment. "Tough-looking place," he admitted. "Well, we'd better get busy."

The breach in the side immediately became a sort of volcano, erupting broken bed ends, shattered crockery, scrap iron, wagon tires and even an anvil or two. Young Mullen, athletic though he was, had hard work to escape burial in the rapid flow of débris.

"Whew!" Mr. Bentley finally paused for breath and wiped a rust-smudged hand across his forehead. His clothing had suffered considerably, but it looked new, compared with Mr. Mullen's white sport flannels. "There, I believe I see it!"

Mullen advanced in a gingerly manner, and saw buried in the mass something that reminded him vaguely of a set tub. After they had removed a box of pulpy books, a corn sheller and a broken buggy body the thing came clearly into view.

"Oh-h, shucks!" said Mr. Bentley mildly but with deep feeling. "It's a soapstone stove all right, but not a Rock Rose XIII. Well, we'll be in time for supper—dinner—anyhow."

In late August Mr. Bentley, who had been "running out" from the city for week ends and stray days, was cajoled at last into taking a whole ten days' vacation. Furthermore, he was persuaded into spending it in an automobile trip, accompanied by Mrs. Bentley, Ellen Bentley and young Mullen, who by that time had become a sort of ubiquitous appendage to the Bentley family. Thanks to his assiduity in the unfortunate matter of the Boyden shop and to the interest in the search for a stove that he had shown since, he had won his way some distance into the ordinarily impenetrable heart of Heman Bentley.

"We don't know where we're going," said Ellen, sighing happily, "so no one can bother us with letters or father with horrid telegrams and business. We'll have a real vacation."

The time sped quickly. Toward the end of the trip young Mullen, who despite the uncertainty of their routing had been caught by some sort of communication,



disappeared on something he vaguely described as "business."

The last evening found the Bentley family some distance from any recognized hostelry. A "tourist" sign attracted them and they spent the night on bedding of the most Bentley-esque type. Starting early—the corn husks had something to do with it,—Mr. Bentley while paying his bill got a startling glimpse into the parlor.

A less hardened trader might have betrayed himself by an exclamation.

"Queer-looking old stove you've got in there," Mr. Bentley remarked casually.

"I s'pose 'tis," agreed the host. "Soapstone, that is. Quite a curiosity. Want to look at it?"

Mr. Bentley glanced at his watch and seemed to hesitate. "Yes," he consented.

The stove was a Rock Rose XIII and was in perfect condition!

"Quite a curiosity," agreed Mr. Bentley in casual tones. "I'll give you ten dollars for it."

Word of the Bentley quest had not penetrated those particular wilds. The Bentley name meant nothing to the host, but the big Bentley sedan and the apparel of the Bentley women-folk must have made their impression. The stove cost Heman fifty dollars. Mrs. Bentley and Ellen, waiting in the sedan in impatient but comparatively blissful ignorance of what was going on, presently saw the male member of the family, very sooty of visage, staggering from the door under a slab of ash-dusty soapstone.

"That stove goes!" He cut short the duet of protest. "It's taken me three years to find it, and I don't propose to leave it in the hands of these crooks. I've got the thing apart, and if it's packed in the robes it'll go without hurting the upholstery."

The delay made the party late in reaching home. Mr. Bentley drove into the farmhouse yard in a jubilant mood. After dinner the ladies retired early, only to have their sleep broken by his somewhat vociferous supervision of the putting together and the setting up of the Rock Rose XIII.

Mr. Bentley slept late next morning. Before breakfast he went in for an early look at his treasure. "Generally," said Mr. Bentley in a tone that meant "always," "I get what I go after!"

Ellen, who had followed to see that he did not forget his meal, listened with a peculiar expression. "There seems to be considerable mail," she said, "and a couple of express boxes."

"Bother," said Mr. Bentley absently with his eyes on the Rock Rose XIII.

He ate his meal, however, in a leisurely way that should have brought good digestion to wait on appetite. Then he took up the mail. He read the business letters first. Then he took up the more personal-looking of the ten days' accumulation. The first letter must have arrived on the day of his leaving. It bore the signature of his energetic young traveling man.

"Dear Mr. Bentley," it ran, "I have been fortunate enough to secure for you one soapstone stove, trade-mark Rock Rose XIII, made by Vincent Stove Works in 1875. It cost me thirty-five dollars at a junk dealer's. Am enclosing bill for same; also for packing stove, which goes forward today by express."

"Plague!" muttered Mr. Bentley. "A junk dealer's! If that fellow paid over three-fifty for that he ought to be shot! What does he think I am?"

After two or three notes he found the following from a business associate:

"Dear Bentley: Can put you on track of soapstone stove of make you want. Same was sold at auction here today. I bid it up to seventy-five dollars, but stopped there, as I thought you would hardly wish to go higher. If you are crazier than buyer, will send you his address, which is inadvertently checked in my suitcase."

"Crazier!" growled Bentley. "I'd hate to think I was. Seventy-five! Thank heaven for another fool!"

But the next letter read:

"Knowing of your wish to obtain a soapstone stove of a certain model,—"

"Why, father?" The exclamation came from Ellen, for Mr. Bentley's remarks at that point had been too articulate. He continued to read:

"I made inquiry of some distant rural relatives and luckily learned of an auction

where one was to be offered. On this account I left your party before its return. Another connoisseur was at the auction, and the stove cost me eighty dollars. Hope you will not think this exorbitant. Am sending stove by express today. Very truly yours, David Mullen."

"James!" roared Mr. Bentley. James was the only manservant on the place.

"Yes, sir."

"Are there a couple of crated soapstone stoves out there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Smash 'em and throw the pieces in the brook!"

"Very good, sir. And the third one, which is not crated, shall I smash that also, sir?"

Purple of face, Mr. Bentley bumped James out of the way. The third stove had a familiar aspect. Attached to it was a smutted envelope.

"Dear Heman," Mr. Bentley slowly deciphered the straggling characters, "for a considerable time I've had the satisfaction of having something a millionaire couldn't buy, and I'm sort of tired of it. You ain't a bad sort, Heman; money ain't spoiled you as much as it has most of 'em. I've begun to see as I've set here what it means to you to get hold of something your mother used to care for. So for what time I've got left I'd like the satisfaction of giving a millionaire something he couldn't buy. So here's the stove. I've had it quite a spell, and the place looks sort of lonesome without it, but I don't really need it. If you

send over any money, I'll send it back. Yours truly, Dudley Perkins."

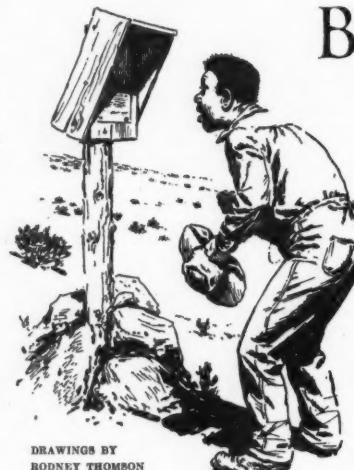
Mr. Bentley stood for some time while peculiar expressions chased one another across his face.

"James," he said at last. "You needn't smash 'em. Put this one"—he indicated the last one—"in place of the stove that's up, and if you as much as chip it I'll break your neck myself!"

Mr. Bentley returned to his desk and with his own hand wrote two brief notes of thanks, enclosing with each a check. Then he penned a third letter to Dudley Perkins.

"Dear Dudley: In presenting me this memento of my parents you have indeed given me something I value beyond expression in money. I thank you. I shall cherish it while I live. You have understood, I think, something of what my own family can scarcely see as yet of the motives with which I have restored this old place; yet I hope when I am gone this gift of yours may still be kept as an heirloom of sturdy, frugal, God-fearing stock."

"I shall respect your wish for no recompense. But allow me to offer you, as a loan if you wish to think of it that way, your choice of three stoves exactly like this one save for the history, for which I chiefly value your gift. One will restore, I think, the usual appearance of your parlor. The others you can throw in the brook or make such disposal of as you wish. Am sending them all by truck with the bearer of this letter. Very truly yours, Heman Bentley."



DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

BUCKSKIN AND DESERT

By Joseph T. Keschel

It was well past four o'clock when he returned, excited and angry. The instant he sat down he let out a choking, "Ki-yil! I evil-devils now fiend of gleaser! I scoot like fast horse down to spring and find location stake little way from water. Then I look round and seem more. Gleaser Pete locate lots of ground. Eight full claim! I so mad I most have fit. First I say, 'I lun and tell Dal lite away.' A little later I say, 'No,' and putum up stakes for you and me on another block of eight claims and callum Yankee Doodle. Oh! This awful blow!"

Dal was not altogether astonished at the discouraging news; he had feared that the claim might have been preempted if the map had been stolen, but he had hoped that the buckskin bag had merely been lost. The staking off of so much ground seemed to him to prove that Pedro now knew their secret.

Almost a minute passed before Dal could steady his voice to reply to his partner's outburst: "Prospectors' luck again, I guess, pardner! One day you feel like a millionaire, and the next like a ragsicker. Still veins and ore deposits aren't dropped down just where men want them. Perhaps the pay rock, if there is any, will run into our ground."

Dal recovered quickly. Well along in the next afternoon, though his head was still bandaged, he limped to the old cabin and found Lee Long trying to sell the pig, which was tethered just outside the door, to a greasy-faced Mexican butcher.

Lee looked hurt. "Oh, I no see how you can say that! For him velly fine pork. Young, fat, sweet! Yum, yum!" His tongue licked his yellow lips.

"You are wrong, chink. The beast is old, tough and bitter. All my life I have been a butcher, and never have I seen a poorer specimen."

"Sayum not so, gleaser," Lee retaliated. "Mexican!" the butcher corrected him.

"Chino or Chinese. No chink!" Lee retorted and waited for the next move.

"Ah, yes, Chino, of course. Pardon me! Yet I speak the truth about the animal. He is worth so very little! Still I will give you a dollar for him."

Lee suddenly had a bad case of deafness; he slipped his hand behind his ear. "Huh?" he asked. "What you say?"

The butcher repeated his offer, considerably louder.

Lee cocked his head sidewise and again said, "Huh?"

"For that poor old pig I will give you a dollar!" shouted the butcher.

Lee's answer was sorrowful, "Thirty dollars for nice pig like that? No, señor. He worth fifty!"

"No! Not thirty dollars! One dollar!" roared the butcher. "But I will make it two!"

Lee Ling now seemed ready to collapse. He lowered his hand and looked at Dal; then he repeated absently, "Two dollars for my nice fat hog! I'm staggered! Two dollars-a-a!"

For half an hour the bargaining went on, and Lee cocked his head sideways and cupped his hand behind his ear every time the Mexican lowered his voice. At last they seemed about to reach an agreement; the butcher had come up to eight dollars and fifty cents, and Lee had come down to nine. Finally they agreed on eight dollars and seventy-five cents, and Lee at once regained his hearing.

"Whew! Glad pig gone!" he exclaimed as the Mexican led the squealing animal away. "All skin and bones. Still I no could let gleaser beatum China boy on swap. Haw! Haw! Haw!"

During the next ten days the boys were busy. Much of their time they gave to doing the necessary location work required by the mining laws on their claims, the Yankee Doodle. But now and then they would drop their work and look for signs of ore.

Pedro was nearly always in sight, looking here, there and everywhere for the rich treasure that he thought the black hair line would reveal either at the porphyry dyke or at the bubbling gusher at the base of it.

Lee was for openly denouncing him as a thief, but Dal didn't think that course best. "We can't afford to make a big noise," he said. "If we do, why, all of Cobre Rico will be flocking down here. Perhaps in our rush the morning we struck the spring we didn't size the map up carefully enough. The Mex wasn't very far away, you know. All we can do is to lie low and try and get the map back. I have a hunch that it'll tell us all we want to know if we can puzzle over it long enough."

"I s'pose you lite, pardner, 'cause you all time see long way off," Lee responded with a sad shake of his head. "But what we do. That money we win on Fourth July be gone in little while."

"We can get a job in one of the mines, Lee, and put in our spare time nosing round down here."

The next forenoon they asked for a job, got it and by evening had engaged board and room for themselves and quarters for Smoky; the keeper of the boarding house offered to have the old burro taken care of if her ten-year-old son were allowed to ride him.

Shortly before seven o'clock the following morning the partners, dinner pails in hand, walked into the barn-like shaft-house of the Copper Jacket mine and joined the three hundred men who were waiting for the hour to go underground.

Promptly at seven o'clock the Copper Jacket's whistle gave two sharp blasts, and the miners immediately got in line to enter the cages that would carry them down the heavily-timbered shaft. Nine men stepped upon the lower deck of the cage; then the top deck was lowered even with the shaft-house floor. When it too was filled the signal was given, and the cage dropped from sight. And as the black steel cable sped down into the first compartment of the shaft another wound upward from the second, and an empty cage whisked up to daylight for another load of miners.

Up and down sped the strong mine elevators, letting the men off at the various levels, a hundred feet apart. Dal, Lee and several other miners were soon clattering along between the rails that ran on the bottom of a rockbound drift eight hundred feet below ground. As soon as they were in the stopes—heavily timbered chambers where the ore is mined—Dal explained the method of mining to his partner.

"It's not exactly the same as you're used to, Lee," he said. "You're better acquainted with a fissure vein like what we had in our claim over in the Shovel. A fissure cuts through the earth with pretty true walls, both hanging and foot. Maybe it'll wind along for miles. Here in the Copper Jacket,



If he waited, he and the man he was trying to save would perish

though, it's immense beds or deposits, of course rather irregular and often cut into by big blocks of barren rock. Sometimes the ore bodies are huge and rich. Sometimes there'll be spots that are small and lean. But when you mix everything together, why, it makes a fair grade.

"There are four stations below us, so the lowest level is twelve hundred feet from sunlight, and every level is in pay rock. After they penetrate the ore body away they start a raise and keep going until the boss says stop. The raise is timbered of course to keep the sides in place until they can start stopping. Then they mine the ore all round and shovel or wheel it into the chute. Then they tumble it down to the bottom and tap it off into the iron ore cars. Later a mule hauls to the shaft a string of cars holding about a ton each.

"There are any number of raises in the mine, most likely in the good old stuff. What's round us here is nothing but timber and plank to keep the ground in place while we blast down the ore in the headings. When we've got it out we'll leave a mighty big hole crisscrossed with ten by tens or twelve by twelves. The ground above it has got to be held up somehow; timber won't do it. So after they've got the pay rock out they dump in gob. I guess you know what gob is. It's just waste rock. Sometimes they chute it down into the mine from the surface."

Just then a shift boss came along and beckoned to Lee. "Hey, youngster, come along with me," he said. "I've got a job of gobbing for you."

Separated from his partner, Dal for a while pounded a drill into the dull red heading within a rod of several men who were busy with pick, shovel or wheelbarrow. Then he pursed his lips and said to himself, "Gobbing! Lee's never done any gobbing, and he's likely to get hurt. Think I'll go and put him on to the kinks."

Dal picked up his light, walked to the manway and was soon hurrying down the ladder. On reaching the drift he hurried along for several hundred feet and then turned into a crosscut. He had heard Lee's voice. Then from some point beyond him came the words, "I lookum up! What you want?"

"Hum!" Dal grunted, starting forward. "I wonder what Lee's squalling about?"



A rod or two farther on he saw through the forest of upstanding posts the glimmer of a light.

Again came the rumbling call, followed by Lee's cry. "I lookum up! What you want?"

"What—" Dal dashed ahead.

Another moment he caught sight of Lee standing directly below a chute of heavy planking from which came a thunderous noise. Lee was trying to get some order that he had not understood repeated.

Dal knew that in another moment boulders, rocks and gravel would come zigzagging from the chute—and there stood his partner in its path! A stone the size of a walnut tumbling from such a height as that from which the gob would come would strike with great force. But the larger pieces might come first, perhaps chunks as big as a man's head.

Suddenly the thunderous sound above changed to a sharp, distinct clatter like that of large hailstones beating against a window. It lasted for a second or so only; then followed an ominous dull rumble that grew louder and louder. Gob was now bumping down the straight chute.

Dal lunged from behind the last post straight for Lee. Would he be in time?

"Run, Lee! Run!" cried Dal.

Lee heard him, but he merely turned his head and asked, "Huh? What you say?"

A ten-pound boulder whizzed by within an inch of his shoulder. At the same instant Dal's hand shot out and threw Lee a good five yards from the outlet of the chute.

Dal had been in time. But scarcely had the ton of rock crashed into the stope when he saw another danger; Lee's light had fallen among a pile of chips at the foot of a post and had set them on fire.

Springing up and stamping out the flames, Dal started to give his partner a mild lecture: "Be mighty scary about looking up a chute, Lee! And be careful with your light. A fire down here—"

"Then why for somebody way 'bove keep hollerin', 'Look up below!'" Lee asked. "I hearum many time."

"Guess you got it a little twisted, pardner. That man was yelling 'Look out below! Didn't the boss tell you to look out for the chute?'"

"Yeh, tellum me so much I get all funny in brain, I savvy lot more now, though."

"I'll bet you do, pardner!" And Dal, knowing that Lee had learned his lesson, said nothing more about looking up a chute. Still he thought that his partner should be cautioned about fire. "You've got to be

careful about starting a blaze down here, Lee. These stopes are just nothing but dry wood, and sometimes there's a regular breeze blowing through them. Once a fire gets under headway, there's no telling where it'll stop."

"If a fire once gets going, they bulkhead off that part of the mine. Sometimes that will smother the fire. Sometimes they have to pump in live steam or carbon dioxide gas. Sometimes they have to flood the whole place with water. Sometimes they can't put out the fire at all. At Hammerpick farther up the state a fire's been going on I don't know how long."

"That so?" said Lee, looking down at the charred chips. "Bad business! Becher life I be careful after this!"

Dal went back to his own job, and the young "Melican-Melican," with his ear turned to catch every sound from the chute, started shoveling away at the gob.

Several weeks passed. The boys worked for eight hours underground but spent their leisure time in looking for ore on their claims.

One morning while standing in line to take the cage Lee caught sight of Pedro, dinner pail in hand, talking to another Mexican. "O plardner, seum the gleaser!" whispered Lee, giving his companion a poke. "I'll bet he's gone bust! Wonder how he like workin' for honest livin'?"

"He won't like it at all," Dal replied. "But, as the only time he'll be doing anything is when the boss is round, there's no danger of his hurting himself."

In the Copper Jacket there were two shifts; the morning crew went on at seven o'clock in the morning and worked until three in the afternoon. The night shift worked from seven o'clock in the evening until three in the morning. Nearly all the blasting was done just before the miners went off shift, an arrangement that gave a stretch of four hours twice in every twenty-four for the mine to clear itself of bad air, dynamite smoke and gases.

About quarter to three the miners charged the drilled holes with explosive and then shouted to one another that all was ready. Then at a signal they lit the fuses. Immediately all hands hurried down the ladders to the drift and there in a safe place waited to count the exploding holes. If they did not hear as many explosions as there were holes, they chalked up the number of the missing on a blackboard to warn the on-coming crew.

Dal and Lee, accompanied by a score of men, had just formed in a group at the mouth of a crosscut connecting with the main drift and were waiting to count the booming reports that would shortly follow when the rapid clatter of pounding feet and the sound of excited voices made everyone swing round. Half a dozen Mexicans dashed into the drift from a crosscut leading back to a new stope as yet not connected with any other part of the mine, either above or to the side. All of them were wild-eyed and panting; all were trying to speak at once.

"Stop on fire!" one blurted in Spanish, which only Dal understood. "Pedro did it! He went to sleep, and his light must have fallen on some chips. After a while we smell smoke, and I go to see from where it is coming. It was on Pedro's floor, and I think he must be dead. I tell my mates and then run."

Dal did some quick thinking. He knew where Pedro worked; the place was little more than ten feet above the crosscut. For a moment he hesitated, and then he was off.

"Hey! Where you go?" cried Lee, but his voice was drowned by the thunderous report of exploding dynamite in the stopes that the miners had left only a short time before.

The first shot had gone off, and Dal, out

The Mexican led the squealing animal away



of sight round a sharp turn, got his first smell of smoke. Report after report quickly followed until the whole section seemed fairly to tremble. Then there were others, even louder, that came from the stopes that Dal had just climbed into.

Boom! Bang! Rumble! Boom! Coughing from the smoke as he lay half stunned on the floor in the chamber where Pedro had started the fire, Dal tied a handkerchief over his mouth and nose. Could he live through the terrific bombardment? He snuggled close to a fallen piece of ten by ten a few feet from where Pedro was lying stretched out on the floor; the boy's eyes were smarting, and his head felt as if it were going to burst.

At the mouth of the crosscut also waited the tense-faced group of miners. And, although one strapping fellow counted every report, he had no idea how many charged

holes there were. The questions he put to the Mexicans brought from them only a frightened "Si, señor."

But while the miners stood in a place of safety Dal hugged the plank floor and hoped that he should not be struck by flying rocks. He dared not drag Pedro to the manway and lower him to the drift, even though the fire was fast becoming a roaring blaze; for after every blast a rain of rock zigzagged down the timbered opening. All he could do was to lie still and guess when the last charge had exploded.

Finally he rose to his feet; he would take a chance.

A step forward and he went down again with a pain in his shoulder where a stone had struck him; he had assumed too soon that the last hole had exploded.

But now, come what might, he must be

up and doing, for the flames were racing toward him. On none too steady legs he hurried to the Mexican's side, seized him by his shirt collar, and started to drag him to the manway. He could not wait a second; he might indeed be hit by flying rock, but if he waited he and the man he was trying to save would perish, if not by the deadly dynamite gas now mingling with the smoke, then by the approaching flames.

Fastening a rope under Pedro's arms, he pushed the Mexican out into the manway. With jaws set, eyes closed, head swimming and lungs feeling as if they would burst, Dal lowered away. When the rope slackened the coughing young miner knew that the body had reached the solid ground below. Then, though gasping, trembling and exhausted, he managed to go down the ladder and reel into the arms of his partner, who had rushed

into the crosscut, closely followed by a score of men.

Four of them took Pedro to the surface and telephoned for a doctor. Others set to work to seal up the crosscut so as to cut off the air and smother the fire. They nailed plank to a set of timbers at the mouth of the cut and calked the cracks. That was enough to hold the fire until steam could be turned on and smother it altogether.

In the purer air of the drift Dal rapidly regained his strength. Meanwhile in the shaft house Pedro Letran slowly responded to the doctor's treatment. Pedro had had a narrow escape. Yet by the time the steam began working its way through the stope he was sitting up and was able to look, not too pleasantly, at his young rescuer as he stepped from a cage, closely followed by Lee Lung.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PUTTING YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

By Samuel S. Drury

THE water is so cold this morning that the boys standing on the float shiver and squeal as they peer down into its depths. In the group there is one boy who has just learned to swim, and to him the distance between float and shore looks much too great. There is another boy who knows that the first boy cannot swim well, and as he shouts and jostles in the group he watches his friend, who, as the old hymn puts it, "lingers trembling on the brink and fears to launch away." What shall he do? He can attract attention to his companion's embarrassed hesitation and say, "Hi! Look at him! He's scared to try it." Or he can quietly shoulder up to him and say, "Let's swim in together. It's not so far. Pretty soon you'll get your confidence."

One act would be an example of a thick-skinned persecution all too common with thoughtless youth; the other would be an instance of putting yourself in his place.

The railway station is crowded this afternoon; everyone is scurrying, intent on catching a train. In the waiting room are two figures, a nervous old lady and some distance away a high-school boy. It is painfully clear that the old lady is nervous, for she asks questions of every man in uniform: of soldiers and sailors as well as of porters. She looks through her little bag to find her ticket; then she peers at the clock, asks more questions of all and sundry and then burrows into her bag for her ticket again. No wonder the high-school boy, confident that his train for the suburbs leaves at nineteen minutes past four on track number twenty-two, permits himself to be amused.

Young people can never understand how



or why old people fidget so. The young believe that old age is serene, unruffled, placidly content in the chimney corner. They fail to realize that "that hoped serene called age" seldom comes, and that three score and ten is just the time when the grasshopper is a burden—which means that tiny details seem big. If youth could only know how easily old people are bothered, would they not show a more active courtesy, a more sympathetic imagination? Instead of being amused our boy of fifteen might say to himself: "That dear old lady over there is older than my grandmother. Why is she traveling alone? Perhaps she has had bad news and is obliged to go off in a hurry. Surely she seems nervous about getting her train. I wonder if I can help her, because she is all alone. At any rate I can carry her bag." That act of sympathetic imagination whereby our boy performs the always-possible feat of putting himself in another's place forces him toward her, and the next moment he finds himself assuring her that he can easily put her aboard the ten-minutes-past-four train, that he knows her train goes from track number nineteen, and moreover that he is sure he can find track nineteen. In short he has given himself the luxury of courtesy and is doing a useful kindness just because he has put himself in her place.

Putting yourself in another person's place is essential in this world of human contacts if those contacts are to be friendly. Putting yourself in another's place is the basis of courtesy, for courtesy has this twofold mission: it seeks not to hurt, and it does seek to help. That means that in our fleeting and casual contacts—for we are like "ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing"—the courteous boy or girl must be as sensitive to outside conditions as a photographic plate. Supposing first of all before we go further in courtesy that we dwell on the art of sympathetic imagination and discover together how in our daily associations we shall not hurt, and how we can help.

None of my readers will need to be convinced of the value of courtesy, its beauty and its use. Surely you need no converting in respect to the necessity of being thoughtful. Our difficulty in that matter will be one not of principle but of method, not of why but of how. Perhaps it has not always been so; perhaps once we were social rebels piling ourselves on how we could trample down conventionalism. We would be no smooth-spoken pleasers of men, but, far honest folk, we would blurt out just what we thought and bang and slam our way through the family and shave and contend our way through the world. But we found that such "hooliganism" would not do. In a world of human contacts courtesy proved to be the natural defense of persons against persons; you could not consider life as a sort of billiard table where hard balls knocked one another about, or still less that your own life was a sort of screeching projectile that pierced all obstacles and blew them to smithereens. Early we found that being a person meant doing as we insisted on being done by. The only place for the rebel or the "hooligan" is an island all to himself where he can fight things out with giant oaks or boulders on the shore.

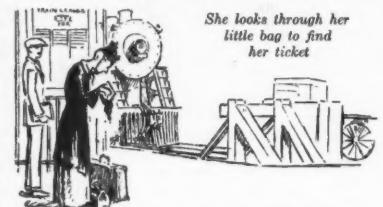
We all agree that the desirable opposite of the belligerent and selfish rebel who spurns courtesy is not the spic-and-span perfumed man of the world. Earnestly we choose not to be that! The "parlor snake," the sleek little conformist, the calculating young cosmopolitan who maps out his own pleasure by trying to please everybody—none of them is the ideal of my readers who believe in courtesy. What we do revere and crave is a character divested of that self-consciousness which holds us back from freely giving and doing, a heart warmed to service by gratitude for mercies received, mind intent on unselfish projects and a hand stretched out to help without intruding. Those virile graces any downright straight-thinking boy or girl is glad to try for. They will not come of themselves; they are resultants. They are the graces generated by the gradual nourishment of grace. They are the marks of that person whom Wordsworth calls "the happy warrior"—the character that we thoughtlessly describe by the grand old names of gentleman and gentlewoman.

To define the word "gentleman" would prove a stimulating topic for school discussion. What is the heart of gentlemanliness and of gentlewomanliness? It centres, I feel sure, on the quality of consolation, the tonic, tacit assurance of readiness to serve. A

gentleman, it has been humorously declared, is one who never unconsciously inflicts pain. Rather would you not say he is one who never consciously inflicts pain? There is an automatic subconscious sympathy at work that prevents the real gentleman from inflicting pain. Do you not recall certain men and women who never by word or look or attitude have given you anything except a sense of consolation and of upholding comradeship? Such is the gentleman, the embodiment of that courtesy by studying which we hope to gain the more.

Putting yourself in another's place, we now must see, is too delicate and sensitive a set of activities to be reduced to rules. Courtesy is love appropriate to the occasion. Starting with a positive desire to hurt no one and to help all we can, we shall find that the persistent use of sympathetic imagination, however much it may cut against our own little plans, will in time produce the gentleman. Words, first of all, are the currency between man and man. What we say to one another is the obvious gauge of what we think about ourselves or others. The boy who wills to be a gentleman will never let his tongue rule him. The gentleman is ever the master of his speech. Sharp, petulant criticisms, therefore, thrown out into the unknown, directed toward some salesman or conductor or accountant whom we may never see again, will perhaps lodge in the mind of the hearer and help to produce in him a slumbering distrust of mankind in general. That is not an overstatement. We should be as gentle toward the person whom we shall never see again as toward the brother or sister of daily household contacts. Read Emerson's poem beginning "Little thinks in the field" if you would realize the argument of your conduct in another's life. Or read Sill's Fool's Prayer to appreciate the long effect of blunders.

Vague derogatory statements as well as sharp personal retorts should also be avoided. After all we are not judges of the world; but, obvious though the fact is, what we carelessly say may hurt the feelings of members of the group. Two people standing in an assembly look out on the crowd. One like Sir Oracle, passes judgments on the group. "What an ugly woman that is over there!" he says, pointing forward. "That," says his companion, grieved and troubled, "is my mother." "Oh! I don't mean her!" Sir Oracle screamingly protests. "I mean the



one to the left just by the pillar." "That," the other rejoins, "is my sister."

It is of no use! Whoever "slings mud" hurts feelings. The courteous boy or girl by a rigid suppression of hasty judgments takes pains not to give pain. "I never ask

questions," protests a wise friend. By that of course she means personal questions. The rule will prove the surest guide in courtesy. "Fools rush in," the proverb says, "where angels fear to tread." Often foolhardy questioners are propelled by malice. "How," asks the old lady, drawing up her chair to the distracted mother who is bowed down under the weight of a son's wanderings and willfulness, "how is Alfred? Is he getting on nicely? You hear from him often, I hope." All of which she is morally sure isn't so. She knows that Alfred is a burden and never writes. Her questions therefore are social cruelty. Avoid the inquisitive intrusion involved in pushing your mind where it has no

Earnestly we choose not to be that!

The "parlor snake"

business to be. Never ask questions. Remember that.

"I hope that Mary is doing well at the high school," says the neighbor. "I thought I saw her working in the house. Isn't she well?" That means that the mother must drag out an explanation that, to the shame of the family, Mary has been dropped a class, and won't return to school. Oh! Who ever started the theory that the only sins are theft and murder? Hurting feelings is evil too; it is a highway robbery of secrets. Such questioners are domesticated devils. Intrusive parlor prying is first-class high-grade wickedness. So shall we not resolve, students of courtesy, never to ask questions?

The fountain of courtesy is the Golden Rule. That superb principle of conduct should be bound as a frontlet to our foreheads or, better still, should be written in living letters on our hearts. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them"—or in simpler form, "Do as you would be done by." Let us now test that truly golden principle in positive efforts of helpfulness, for courtesy means more than not causing pain; it goes further even than greasing the social wheels and by politeness making things run smooth. Courtesy is charity in action. It is that hidden form of loving kindness which effects noble things without seeming effort. A mark of the gentleman is that he smiles under burdens. Though his shoulder may be aching beneath the load that he bears, with a fine flourish he stands up straight and repudiates the suggestion that he is carrying much. Thus courtesy gives to morals an essential glory, infusing the right action with a certain graciousness that adds charm to righteousness.

In a remote graveyard in New England there is a suggestive epitaph. After the birth and death comes the deep-cut record: "She was so pleasant." What a world of meaning lies behind that almost chatty inscription! Here was one whose salient quality was being pleasant. When her friends thought over her life and summarized its contributions they must needs record pleasantness as her outstanding quality: "She was so pleasant." Can we suppose that that unknown woman always found it easy to be pleasant, that the gentle word, the sympathetic smile, the

tactful reply, the soothing act, was each hour an automatic function? Certainly not. Pleasantness is the resultant of deep love, drastic unselfishness and fine self-control! She was so pleasant because she was so loving. Her pleasantness was no veneer, but sprang rather from that pity for other people which is akin to love. There can be no real courtesy without a pulsating love of the brethren, without genuine warm sympathy for all sorts and conditions of men that will enable us instantly to put ourselves in the place of whomsoever we meet. She was so pleasant, secondly, because she tramped down strident thoughts of self. Selfish people cannot be truly courteous; the ego is ever a rude and unruly member. Had that woman forever been saying "I" and thinking about "I" and pushing her own interests forward, would the community have graven on her stone such a tribute of dependable pleasantness? And, thirdly, she was so pleasant (a phrase that by its repetition commends itself sweetly to my ear) because she must have exercised rigid control over eye and tongue. Pleasantness goes deeper than fair speech. It involves the very expression of the face. Often that good soul must have suffered from interruption.

People whom she did not like made her life a burden. Being instinct with reality, a true person, she must have expressed disapproval; and yet so tempered were her judgments, so self-controlled her opinions, that when the epitaph was written even those who may have suffered from her reproach could not deny her pleasantness. For remember that courtesy is not meant to denature our convictions. True politeness does not turn the wine of conviction into the water of conformity. With all her personality and her real opinions that nameless woman maintained her uniform pleasantness. Love, unselfishness and self-reliance lie beneath that sunny epitaph which every "happy warrior" should crave.

Let me give you in conclusion one graphic instance of putting yourself in another's place. It shows how loving imagination urges us toward courtesy, that power of love in

got to get back to my work after taking you to the train."

Any right-minded person can in his own experience match that scene a dozen times. It is possible of course so to harden our hearts and dull our vision that we can see without perceiving the predicaments of others.

As an onlooker at a play we can witness without emotion or perhaps with emotion unfreed by action the direst needs of our fellow men. But when we have contracted the essential human habit of putting

ourselves in another's place we have embarked on a long career of blessed bothersome interruptions, and like the man harnessing his horse we can neither rest nor work until we have clattered out of our blissful solitude along the road of human need.

Yes, the basis of all courtesy is making mankind our business. "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the protest of a murderer. "What can I do for you?" is the silent question that all true gentlemen ask of all they meet.



FINE FEATHERS

By Eveline Nutter

TERESA was on the platform of the station almost before the train stopped.

For a second she held her breath with a warm, proud feeling of satisfaction. The whole crowd were there to meet her! Pretty good, that, when she had been away only two weeks! She was sorry she hadn't worn the scarlet cap and scarf that her grandmother had given her as a Christmas gift. Ellen and Dorothy had new ones almost like them, and Trudie's set was green.

"Hello, everybody!" Teresa cried.

"Oh, hello, Teresa!" said Dorothy. "I didn't know you were coming today."

Teresa lifted her head a trifle higher. She might have known that the girls hadn't come down to meet her! They never did! She kept the smile on her lips by sheer force of will.

Dorothy rattled on: "You know Rita's going to Florida to live; her mother's not any better. They are all going, and Dr. Canfield said—There's Rita now!" she interrupted herself.

"Why, hello, Teresa," said Trudie. "Have a good time?" Then without waiting to hear Teresa's reply she turned to wedge her way in toward the centre of the group that had formed round Rita.

Teresa followed her. Rita turned with her quick smile and threw her arm round Teresa's waist. "Good-by, Rita," Teresa said shortly, "and good luck!" Then she added coolly, "You might have sent me word that you were going, Rita."

Rita's face flushed. "O Teresa, dear, I'm sorry, but—"

"Of course if you didn't care," Teresa said icily, shrugging her shoulders.

No one paid much attention to her iciness; the girls were used to it.

Teresa's first impulse was to walk home as fast as she could. Everyone was hateful! Tom might have brought the car. Just then she saw the car parked at the other end of the platform, and Tom at her elbow was saying, "Lo, sis. I'm glad the train wasn't late. I brought Rita down and about a hundred bags."

"Come on," said Teresa abruptly, and she gave him her traveling bag to carry.

Tom looked at her in a disapproving way. "Don't you want to see Rita off?"

"No!" she said sharply.

"Well, I do." He took hold of her elbow. "It'll be only a jiffy until the train leaves."

Teresa bit her lip in vexation. Rita had lived next door to them all their lives, and she and Rita had been fast friends—before she had found out that Rita really liked Ellen and Dorothy better.

"I wonder," said Ellen as the train disappeared down the track, "do keep wondering if the new girl will take Rita's place in our crowd."

"What new girl?" asked Teresa.

"Oh," Ellen explained, hooking her arm through Teresa's, "the one who is living in Rita's house. The Griswolds—they are Kansas people, and they've bought the place. She's just our age, Rita says. I wonder whom she'll chum with. Dorothy and me probably, just as Rita did."

There they were again, thought Teresa, always leaving her out in the cold!

"I think I'll look out for her," said Tom. "I'm the only one of us who has seen her."

"What does she look like, Tom?" asked Ellen.

"Pretty good to me," Tom replied. At the same time Teresa heard Jim, who was walking a few steps behind with Dorothy, say in an undertone, "I suppose Teresa will have a try at palling with her—for about two days!"

And Dorothy, giggling, answered, "Um-hum. That's about the usual length of Lady Teresa's friendships!"

Teresa's cheeks burned, and unconsciously her hands clenched. She half-turned and looked at Jim and Dorothy scornfully, coldly, just to let them know that she had overheard the remarks. In her heart was a sudden fierce determination to "chum" with her new neighbor. She would show them that she could! She would make the new girl follow her round like—like a little dog!

"Here's the car," Tom said. "Want to drive, Tess?"

Teresa nodded and slipped in behind the wheel. "See you tomorrow," she said shortly to the others. Then to Tom, "About this new girl—what's her name? Tell me all about her. Have you talked to her?"

"Oh, some," Tom answered her last

question first. "Her name is Donna Griswold. She's pretty, Tess, but I don't think you'll like her much."

"Why not? Oh, I know what you mean, Tom. You mean she won't like me! You think nobody could like me!"

"I wish you wouldn't everlasting carry a chip on your shoulder!" cried Tom. "I believe you'd rather quarrel than eat!"

Teresa's eyes blazed. She stepped on the accelerator and, swinging round the next corner at a perilous rate, whirled the car into their own driveway.

As she jumped out she heard a faint little meow, and there, huddled in a corner of the garage, was a little gray kitten. Teresa snatched it up, and it spit at her and hooked its claws into her sleeve.

"Look out, Tess," Tom warned her. "It's half starved!" exclaimed Teresa and carried it, scratching and whining, into the house. "There, puss," she said, "I don't blame you much. I'm supposed to be sort of scratchy, myself."

Promptly at half past eight o'clock the next morning Teresa rang the bell of the house next door. As the first step in her campaign she was going to take the new girl to school. The door opened, and Donna Griswold stood smiling shyly at Teresa. She was a little thing with hazel eyes that looked into Teresa's so directly that Teresa scarcely noticed her ugly, shabby blue serge dress and the odd way her light brown hair was bobbed.

Teresa smiled back at her. "I'm the girl next door," she explained. "I came to take you to school. You're in the Junior High, aren't you?"

Donna nodded. "Your brother told me you were coming. Oh, I'm so glad!" She reached for her coat, which was hanging on the hall rack.

It was not until she turned away that Teresa noticed how shabby her dress was, though it was no shabbier than the coat that she was putting on. Then she took her hat from another hook; Teresa always afterwards thought of it as "the hat." Donna put it on her head, pulled it down well over her ears and, still smiling, turned back to Teresa.

At the first glimpse of the hat Teresa was filled with a sort of horror. It was a hat undoubtedly planned for a grown woman; that was why it fitted down so easily over Donna's ears. It was made of once gorgeous purple velvet, and it had a fancy green feather arrangement that stood up dashing in front and hung in a mournful, dreary festoon off the back. It was awful! Teresa could hardly believe that any girl with straight, neatly bobbed hair could intend to wear that hat to school. Like a flash she could see with her mind's eye the grins and uplifted eyebrows that would greet the hat. And this was the girl whom she had chosen, sight unseen, for her chum! For once in her life Teresa could not think of a word to say.

"You see," the little girl went on, "I never lived next door to a girl before. I never lived next door to anyone. Our next door in Kansas was three miles away."

She looked up at Teresa again with her clear, direct gaze, and all at once a lump came into Teresa's throat. She couldn't have a chum who wore such an utterly silly hat, and yet—

Teresa swallowed hard and tried to smile. "Do you know, if you'll trade hats with me today, your first day, it'll bring you luck! It's like finding a pin, you know,"—she hesitated—"or seeing the new moon," she added triumphantly, snatching off her new red cap as she spoke and holding it out to Donna.

"Really?" asked Donna. "Oh, I know I'm going to have good luck now. Here, let me put mine on you. I made a wish! Was that right?"

"Yes! And you'd better wear the scarf too. They go together. Don't tell anyone we've traded. That's part of the game. Promise! I've wished yours on—for a week!"

Of course Teresa knew that there would be giggles and grins at the hat even if she wore it, but she could look out for herself. As a matter of fact most of her friends were a trifle afraid of her. She was "scratchesy." Their ridicule would not be very open, not so open that Donna would notice it.

The two walked on for a block without saying anything more; Teresa was busy thinking how she would silence anyone who even so much as mentioned that she was wearing a new hat. Then she saw Dorothy and Ellen and waved to them to wait. They both looked in amazement at her hat, but they were so plainly delighted with Donna

Work in the presence
of that need is
impossible

DRAWINGS BY
W. P. DODGE

action which turns us from willers of pleasant things into doers of noble things. Here sits on a summer day a tired and busy man. He is tired after months of exacting city labor, and at last he has sought a retreat in rustic solitude. His books are piled high about him. The table in the simple farmhouse is ranged with orderly papers. Letters must be written, articles completed, references verified. He gags with weary pleasure at the prospect of an unbroken morning. Along the dusty highway fifty yards from his retreat he sees a long a burdened traveler who labors heatedly and dustily between two bulky valises. It is an unfrequented road, and the chance of some wagon's offering a lift is almost nil. Our wearied and occupied student glances at the laboring pedestrian and says to himself, "Poor fellow! It's two miles to the train. I'd like to help him, but I can't. All these letters to be written! This article to be finished before noon! These books I've been wanting to get at all winter!"

So, ridding his mind of natural but obtruding thoughts, he turns back to his pages. Presently the vision of that sweating walker reappears. "Two miles to the station and two heavy bags! But I can't!" the student almost shouts, protesting to no one in particular. "I've got to do this work! Why didn't he hire a wagon? I'm not responsible for him. I've got to finish this work." He slams open a book and forces himself to read. Alas,—or shall we hurrah?—it's of no use! Work in the presence of that need is impossible. Presently he finds himself dashing from his cool retreat to the shed where the old farm horse drowses. He pushes out the wagon, throws the harness on the horse, runs the shafts forward and in a moment is clattering along the road and with a mixture of reproofs and excuses is telling the pilgrim to get up into the wagon and throw his bags into the back. "Because, don't you see? I've

Before Donna's clear eyes Teresa had to tell the truth



that Teresa was more than satisfied. She kept wondering just how quietly polite and amused they would have been if Donna had worn the purple hat. She knew they would have said afterward, "Well, naturally you can't expect her to take Rita's place. You can see she doesn't belong in our crowd at all, can't you?"

Trudie was waiting for them on the next corner. "Hello, Donna Griswold," she cried. "Anyone could tell at a glance that you belong in our crowd. We've been quarreling already about which one of us will be your particular chum."

Donna laughed shyly, and her cheeks were red, but seizing Teresa's hand, she gave it a little squeeze and flashed her a look that said more plainly than words that she had already chosen her chum.

"Isn't that a new hat, Teresa?" asked Trudie, tilting her head a little and gazing at the hat in mock admiration.

"I never wore it before," Teresa replied, astonished to find that she was not angry with Trudie. She was only hoping that Donna would not see that Trudie's admiration was not real. "Your cap is new, too," Teresa went on quickly. "That green is so becoming."

"And isn't it fine," said Ellen, "that Donna's cap and scarf are like mine and Dorothy's."

"But they are not!" cried Dorothy, laughing. "Hers are hand-knitted, Ellen. They are much prettier than ours."

Donna's eyes danced, and she squeezed Teresa's hand again.

Once in the schoolhouse, Teresa with a sigh of relief concealed the purple hat in her locker, but to Donna she said, "Maybe you'd better leave the scarf on; you might be cold."

She was thinking that the scarf would hide the shabbiness of Donna's dress.

But when Teresa came home at noon and slipped in the side door, hoping that her mother wouldn't see the hat, she had more explanations to make.

"I can't see that it will do any good, Teresa," her mother argued. "I don't like to have you wearing such a hat for a week—and then the new little girl will have to wear it eventually."

"I know that," Teresa sat down at the table and unfolded her napkin with a jerk. Then she smiled. "But, mother, Donna is such a dear! Don't you see? By next week everyone will love her, and they'll be used to the hat, seeing it on me."

"Well, I don't like it!" Tom said. "It's disgraceful. You look like a freak in a side show. All the boys were making fun of you this morning. You're not popular enough to get away with a thing like that, Tess; you know you're not!"

"Kindly pass the bread, Tom. You make me tired. I'll wear any kind of hat I want to. Nobody asked you for your opinion."

"Now look here," said her father, offering a compromise, "why can't you give the new girl your old woolly hat that you wore before Christmas?"

"Father, I couldn't! She'd be hurt. Oh, why can't I ever do anything I want to?"

"Well, for Pete's sake, don't wear the thing again, Tess," said Tom. "It's awful."

"That will do, Tom," said his mother, and the meal went on in silence.

In spite of protests Teresa wore the hat back to school again, but that afternoon she thought of a scheme for giving Donna her cap and scarf without hurting Donna's pride. She would buy another set and send it to herself so that even her mother would think it was a gift—from Aunt Teresa perhaps; then, since she would have two of a kind, Donna wouldn't care, and her mother couldn't object.

Her courage was not quite equal to wearing the hat into a store, so she went home first and put on her best hat. Her pocket-book was in the usual after-Christmas state of flatness, and her monthly allowance of five dollars would not be paid for ten days; but she argued that she was justified in having the cap and scarf charged, although that was against her father's rule.

But when she had chosen a set that looked much like her own and had priced it her courage failed her. She looked so wistfully at the soft woolly things that the clerk said, "We have an odd cap here, if you don't care for both of them. You can have the cap for a dollar."

Teresa turned slowly and walked out of the store. It is a terrible thing to be fourteen years old, to belong to a well-to-do family and to have almost no resources at all.

After she was home again, as she was

hanging her coat and hat in her closet, her glance fell on her old red sweater, and she realized that it was the same shade of red as the coveted cap and scarf. How she had loved it when it was new! Now the elbows were worn through, though it had not faded, for it was made of good yarn.

She sat down on the floor by the window and began to unravel it. She would knit a scarf and a cap for Donna! Surely there would be enough yarn, though of course she should have to wind it into skeins and wash it to take out the kinks. When twilight came Teresa turned on the light and went on working until her mother called her to supper.

As soon as she had washed the dishes she hurried back to her room and her sweater, which was fast changing into a great heap of red yarn. She was nearly frantic when she thought of the time it would take her to knit merely the scarf. She did not dare to think about the cap.

Then she heard voices in the front hall, and Tom cried, "Tess! Tess, come on down. We're going out to the hill."

"Can't!" Teresa called back.

Then she heard some one coming upstairs two steps at a time. "Oh, I say, Teresa, you aren't sick, are you?" cried Trudie, rapping on her door. "We thought you and Tom would go with us, and we'd ask Donna Griswold. Jim has his new bobsled and—"

Teresa opened her door and came out into the hall. "Honestly, Trudie," she said, "I can't; I'm busy."

"But, Teresa, we'll be home by eight."

"I can't spare the time."

"Have I offended you, Teresa?" asked Trudie.

"No," Teresa laughed. "Go on and tell all of them and specially Donna that I am angry to think I can't go too. There!" And she gave Trudie a little shove and retired once more into the solitude of her room. She was busy, and moreover she couldn't quite imagine herself flying down the hill, hanging on to the purple hat! Still it didn't make her feel very happy to hear Trudie explaining to the others that Teresa had "an awful grouch."

That was Tuesday; the next Monday night Teresa finished the scarf. Her head ached, and her eyes burned. The yarn was all gone, and the cap was as far away as ever. And for a week everyone had grinned whenever they looked at her and the purple hat—everyone, that is, except Donna. Teresa smiled grimly. She had not gone coasting once and had failed in her history recitation three days running all because a new girl next door had an outlandish hat!

But it had been worth it. Why, Donna was her chum! Had she done all that because she loved Donna? It didn't matter much anyway.

She overslept the next morning, and when she came downstairs her father was telling Tom and her mother about a concert. "It's to be a week from Friday, and the tickets are one dollar, and father is going to take us all!" Tom explained hastily.

"A dollar!" Teresa echoed. "But, O father, I'd a thousand times rather have the dollar. Oh, I do need a dollar!"

"What do you want a dollar for, Tess?"

asked Tom. "Would you buy a pink veil to drape over your purple hat?"

"If I can have a dollar now, I'll never wear that hat again."

"Give it to her, father! Oh, I say, give it to her quick!"

Father handed a dollar bill to Teresa. "Though I hate to have you miss that concert," he added.

Tom burst out laughing. "Pretty slick, I'd say, father. They only traded hats for a week, and the week's up this morning, isn't it, sis?"

Teresa nodded and pushed back her chair. "Mother, may I be excused? I have an errand to do before school."

At a quarter to nine Teresa was waiting at Donna's door for her. In her hand was the purple hat, and her cap and scarf almost matched Donna's.

She handed Donna the hat. "But I want you to keep mine," she said. "You see I have another set just like that one."

Teresa took the hat, but stood for a

moment looking straight into Teresa's eyes. "How did you happen to get two the same?"

Before Donna's clear eyes Teresa had to tell the truth. "I bought the cap, and I knitted the scarf. I wanted us to have them just alike."

"Oh, you darling!" cried Donna, hugging her. "Can't we trade back again for good luck? Because I want the scarf you knitted for me. And I'll make that purple hat into a sofa pillow for the cat's cradle!"

"What!" cried Teresa.

Donna laughed. "O Teresa, last night while we were coasting Jim and Trudie began to talk about that hat. If you could have heard the things they said! I know now why you traded, and so do all the rest of them. I told them. And Jim said, 'I'll take my hat off to Tess! If that girl isn't a good sport!'"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Teresa, turning very red. "It was nothing!" But she looked happy. "Aren't we chums?"

"I'll say we are chums," Donna agreed.

IN DARKNESS

By Frank Lillie Pollock



RALPH HUDSON was greatly elated when he obtained permission to go into the winter woods with his elder brother Andrew. The Hudson family had been settled for several years on a "bush farm" that they had cleared in the Temiscaming district of northern Ontario, and during the winter when there was little to do about the farm Andrew had been accustomed to go some fifty miles north into the unopened forest and spend three or four months trapping. It was a hard and rough experience, however, and Ralph, who was only sixteen years old, had hitherto been denied a share in it, though he was a fair shot, a good snowshoer and expert with the axe.

The log cabin, which Andrew had built three years before, was perhaps six miles south of Big Hatchet Lake, and stood in a valley sheltered by a tamarack swamp through which ran a frozen creek. There the two Hudson boys settled down for the winter.

Early in January, Andrew left Ralph in charge of the camp and went out to the settlement to obtain a fresh supply of pork and flour; he expected to be gone a week.

On the day Andrew started it snowed lightly. On the following day it snowed hard and fast, but at night the weather cleared and turned cold. When Ralph came out the next morning the thermometer on the cabin door marked eleven degrees below zero. The air was still, however, and it did not feel very cold. So Ralph decided to go over the Hatchet Lake line and dig the traps out of the snow and readjust them.

Almost at once he got into difficulties in the burned slash

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



He prepared breakfast hastily, filled the huge stone fireplace with knotty lumps of maple and set out. He carried his double-barreled gun, a sack containing certain trapping utensils and a lump of pork and beans frozen into a granite-like mass.

It was what the French call a *poudre* day. The air was filled with fine flakes of frost that scintillated like diamond dust in the sun. The pale blue sky was unclouded, but there was no warmth in the sunshine that poured on the fresh snow with a daze and glare. The snowshoes sank deep in the fluffy snow and the evergreens were drooping with their loads and covered Ralph with white when he brushed against them.

There were four traps along the creek within sight of the camp, and in one of them he found a mink, which he hung upon a low branch to await his return. Then he took the trail through the swamp, found all the traps empty and went over a low hill almost bare of timber. The glare of the sun on the unshadowed snow, reflected into the glittering air, became almost unbearable; Ralph was forced to keep his eyes almost closed till he reentered the deep pine woods, where the light, though it was painful, was not so bright. For more than four miles he pushed on through the splendid timber, following the familiar trail and digging out the buried traps. In spite of the shade the boy's eyes were watering painfully.

At last he came out of the heavy woods into a slash where fire had gone through some years before. The place was wholly without shade, and the ground was encumbered with stumps and protruding through the snow and with tangles and roots and great masses of blackened logs that forced him to pursue a winding and intricate course. He was obliged to pull his cap over his face and stumble almost blindly among the charred débris.

After tumbling half a dozen times into the snow he got through the slash and came out on the bank of the Hatchet River, a succession of noisy, half-frozen rapids and cascades. He crossed upon a great log and went down a long bare slope to the lake, which was about two miles in diameter. According to his custom, he proceeded to cross on the ice.

Before he had gone a hundred yards he paused uncertainly. The high sun was pouring a torrent of intensely white light on the dazzling snow. The air, filled with the shimmer of the dancing frost, seemed to be a sheet of cold flame. Yet he did not suspect any real danger and, half-shutting his eyes, plodded on.

But when he had covered one third of the distance he stopped, aware at last that snow blindness was threatening him. He turned toward the shore, but it was already too late. The air seemed ablaze with intense light that pierced his eyelids like a hail of cutting particles of glass. He broke into a run for the shelter of the forest; his eyes felt as if they were filled with red-hot needles.

He kept them covered with his sleeves till he tripped over a log and fell head first into a thicket of spruce.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour Ralph lay there, afraid to raise his head or to face again that murderous glare. At last he began to shiver. He sat up and tried to open his eyes, but the sudden light seemed to fill them with fire and blood, and he could see nothing.

Many a solitary snowshoer, blinded and lost, has frozen to death after hours of hopeless wandering. Ralph had heard such tales, and he wondered that he had not understood his danger sooner. But it was too late for regret; he knew that if he would reach the cabin he must keep his wits about him. To retrace those six miles through the forest blindfolded, seemed almost impossible, but he was very familiar with the trail,—he had gone over it by daylight, by moonlight and in a dense snowstorm,—and his instinct for direction was remarkably good.

To protect his eyes Ralph tied his handkerchief round his head and pulled his cap down to the tip of his nose. Then for several minutes he sat still, picturing the route in his imagination and deciding on the direction.

Finally he picked up his gun and started across the snow-covered ice again. He felt strangely helpless and bewildered and hardly dared to put one foot before the other. He required all his force of will to keep from falling into a nervous panic. Soon he bumped heavily against a tree and knew that he had reached the shore again. After a little groping he felt a great ragged birch trunk that he remembered; he had come ashore only a few yards from the place he had wanted to reach. The circumstance gave him new confidence.

Thence it was an easy road and only half a mile to the river. Ralph reached it without difficulty, and after hunting and groping for nearly half an hour he hit upon the crossing-log. The water was not deep, but he dared not risk a ducking, for, blinded as he was, he should certainly freeze to death before he could kindle a fire. So he slung his snowshoes over his back and crept across on his hands and knees. Reaching the other end of the snowy log, he sat down again to consider his course.

The cabin was a small mark to hit, but if he could strike the tamarack swamp the rest of the way would be easy. Ralph's courage rose. The anguish in his eyes was abating under the dark bandages, and he was beginning to feel hungry, for it was past noon. He chewed a little of the frozen pork before he set out on the five miles that remained.

Almost at once he got into difficulties in the burned slash; through that tangle of dead roots, branches and stumps he had to make his way with infinite pain. At every second pace he tripped and fell. Over and over he went wallowing in the snow, and once a projecting root struck his cheek and cut it badly. Sometimes an impassable circle of obstacles seemed to surround him, and he was forced to zigzag and double till he grew sick and discouraged and was tempted to lie down and abandon the struggle. He tried hard to preserve his direction, but he had lost his old confidence. The maddening labyrinth seemed to have no end; nevertheless, he struggled courageously on till suddenly he smelled the great pines close at hand, and a minute later he was in the open spaces of the forest.

Now the road was clearer; there was little undergrowth, and the ground was level. Ralph tramped ahead at a good pace, holding his hands extended to avoid running into any obstacle. He felt certain now of reaching camp in safety, and he imagined with longing the warm dusky interior of the cabin, well supplied with fuel and provisions, where he could rest and cure his tortured eyes.

For two hours he continued to walk briskly and presently began to think that the cabin could not be much farther off. He expected soon to encounter the thickets of the tamarack swamp, though he knew that he was still surrounded by pines.

Another half hour passed, and, as there appeared to be no change in the forest, Ralph was struck with sudden despair. Somehow he had gone astray or had overshot the camp. As his courage failed the points of the compass seemed to spin round

him, and he had no idea in what direction the cabin might lie.

The sun sets early in that latitude and season, and a piercing chill had begun to pervade the air. In imagination Ralph saw the vast frozen forest growing indescribably gloomy and forbidding in the gray dusk, silent as death. And death it would be, he knew, unless he could find some material for building a fire; for, though the darkness made no difference to him, he should be unable to keep moving all night.

He began to search blindly among the trees, and after much wandering he came at last upon a great fallen cedar, from which he broke armfuls of crackling dead branches. Trampling down the snow, he placed the fuel carefully against the trunk, cut splinters and shavings with his pocket knife and struck a match. He was not sure where to hold it and could not see whether the wood had caught, but presently a puff of aromatic smoke blew into his face. He heard the sharp snapping of the wood and piled on more fuel.

He squatted in the snow beside the blaze, and as the warmth of exercise died out of his limbs he felt cold and miserable. His eyes burned with a pain that seemed to spread to his whole head. He partly thawed a lump of beans and devoured it; then he ate some snow to appease his feverish thirst.

The night came down intensely cold. The air seemed actually to crackle with frost full of the piercing chill that bites through blood and bone to the very seat of life. The fire was at best a poor one, and Ralph was afraid to go to sleep lest he should freeze. But he found that he could not keep awake; in spite of the cold he dozed continually and awoke again till at last he fell into a deep but troubled slumber.

The bitter cold awakened him. He must have slept a long time, for to his horror the fire, which had eaten deep into the trunk, appeared to have gone out; he could hardly feel any heat from it. Stupid with sleep and cold, he rose and began to search for more wood. He could find no more breakable branches on the cedar trunk, and he roamed round, hardly knowing what he was doing. With the exercise his brain cleared a little, and suddenly he was startled to find that he no longer knew how to get back to his fire.

For some time he searched for it, and then by a peculiar freshness in the air as well as by the intense cold he concluded that the dawn was near. His night camp was of no more consequence; it was time to resume the search for the cabin.

He set off in an aimless fashion, moving in great circles and zigzags and feeling little interest in where he was going. Stiffened and exhausted with the cold of the night, he was sick and utterly dispirited, but he still dragged his snowshoes over the snow.

In that wretched manner he struggled round for several hours. There was no sign of the tamarack swamp; for aught he knew he might be five miles from it.

Then as he passed under a tree a small hairy object suddenly struck him on the cheek. He jumped back and then with faint curiosity put up his hand to feel for the thing. It had gone beyond his touch, but after some feeling round he put his hand on it; apparently the object was suspended in midair. It was the fury body of a mink suspended from the branch of a tree!

In a flash he knew where he was; the very snow seemed familiar beneath his feet. The cabin was not two hundred yards away!

Five minutes later he burst open the door and flung himself down before the still glowing embers in the fireplace.

Before Andrew returned Ralph's eyes had recovered sufficiently to permit him to see in twilight, and he started one evening to retrace his wandering track to the camp beside the cedar in order to recover the gun and the knapsack that he had left there. To his astonishment he discovered that this uncomfortable camp had been less than fifty yards from the rear of the cabin! The dead cedar was one that Andrew had felled for firewood and had not cut up. And Ralph found that his snowshoe tracks led round and round the cabin so close that it was remarkable that he had not run against it. He had deviated to the right on the trail from the lake and had thus missed the swamp; but his instinct for direction had brought him within a few yards of home, where, however, he would probably have died but for finding the mink.



The Six Minute Breakfast

A delicious, digestible breakfast in six minutes . . . with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour.

First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats, just add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour . . . and your batter is done. Grease your hot pan a bit, and pour it in.

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Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—it's fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

January 3, 1924



FACT AND COMMENT

MISUNDERSTANDINGS may separate friends far more widely than either time or space.

The brave old Merchant shipped All Sorts Of Merchandise and tried All Ports.

YOUR HAPPINESS depends, not on what there is in your pocketbook, but on what there is in you.

THE AMBASSADOR of the United States to France receives a salary of \$17,500 a year, every cent of which he has to pay to his landlord in Paris as rent for the house that the embassy occupies.

FROM GERMANY comes the story that the owner of a circus, about to take his show to South America, advertised for three hundred workmen. He got sixty thousand responses, which is at the rate of two hundred applicants for every job.

RURAL MAIL CARRIERS last year made a census of all the hogs in the country. The figures proved so valuable a guide in helping to regulate production that the mail carriers will be asked to perform the same service this year.

THE ADMIRAL IN COMMAND of the Pacific fleet recently made the experiment of directing the vessels in his charge from the air. Between San Diego and San Pedro, California, he flew over the fleet in a seaplane and by wireless kept in touch with his officers all the time.

IN NORTHERN OKLAHOMA there is an oil well that is probably unique. It produces not crude oil but high-test gasoline. The well is four thousand feet deep. Its flow is fifteen hundred gallons a day of gasoline that tests seventy gravity. Just what conditions underground could have brought about the natural refining is a puzzle to geologists. The owners of the well sell their product at ten cents a gallon just as it comes from the ground.

A STATE COMMISSION in New York that has been studying the matter of ventilation says that an indoor temperature higher than 67° F. is prejudicial to health and efficiency. "An increase from 68° to 75° F.," says the report, "caused a decrease of fifteen per cent in the work done by workmen who were stimulated by a cash bonus. An increase of temperature from 68° to 86° when the relative humidity was eighty caused a reduction of twenty-eight per cent in the work done, in spite of the bonus offer."

FLYING IN THE ARCTIC

EVERYONE is interested in the proposed trip of the navy dirigible balloons to the polar regions next summer. There is an undeniable fascination in the great ice-locked Arctic, where lies the most extensive unexplored area in the world—unless it be the similar region about the other pole. There is no less fascination about airships. The picture of the explorers sailing triumphantly over seas and lands that offer almost insuperable difficulties to any other sort of passage strikes the imagination.

The naval expedition, if it is carried out,

may or may not be accompanied by aeroplanes, but Captain Amundsen, who also plans a transpolar flight next summer, will use planes only. His idea is to leave Spitzbergen with three planes, sail across the pole and land in northern Alaska. He announces that he will carry a limited amount of mail, for which special stamps are to be sold. If his scheme goes through, it will be possible to post cards bearing a special stamp, send them to the headquarters of the expedition in Christiania, Norway, and expect them to be delivered, no one knows how many weeks later, romantically cancelled, "By North Pole Mail."

The naval expedition will not amuse the public after that fashion. The present plans call for the erection of several mooring masts at points near enough to the polar sea to give anchorage in case of bad weather to the Shenandoah or to whatever other airship may be chosen. The big dirigible will sail back and forth over the polar sea until the explorers have determined whether there is land or only salt-water ice in the uncharted space round the pole. Valuable observations will also be made concerning the winds, temperatures and other meteorological matters.

When the time comes for using airships for transoceanic mail and passenger service some of the shortest lines of communication will lie directly across the Arctic Sea. For example, the polar route from London to Japan or Australia, and from New York to Manila, would be much shorter than the routes usually followed.

But is it possible to use those routes? Many men who know the Arctic think it is. Mr. Steffansson is one of them. He believes that, especially during the Arctic summer, the cold is no greater than that which aviators often face in lower latitudes when they fly in the upper air; and winter at the pole is so dry a season that clouds are rare and storm winds not so frequent as people suppose. It is undeniably true, however, that landing places on the rough ice are not easy to find, and that, if an airship should be incapacitated by accident, the aviators would be a long way from any possible help; but that would not be true if the polar air should become criss-crossed with flying routes as the North Atlantic is now marked with steamship lanes.

From the proposed Arctic flight of the Shenandoah Admiral Moffett and the other chiefs of our navy air service hope to get the evidence that will prove whether or not their vision of transpolar communication is prophetic or illusory.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

THE first message of President Coolidge to the houses of Congress was much the kind of paper that the country had reason to expect from him. It was concise, straightforward and clearly expressed. It took definite ground on every question of importance that will come before Congress. From it the country learns that the President is most deeply interested in economy in government and in reducing taxes. He believes that high taxes hit everyone and are quite as much a burden to labor and to agriculture as to commerce and trade. If Mr. Coolidge has his way, that will be the issue on which the approaching political battle will be fought.

When President Harding died the new President declared that he should continue his predecessor's policies. He has kept his word. He is against entering the League of Nations, as Harding was; he is in favor of our entering an international court of justice, as Harding was. He opposes a general soldiers' bonus even more definitely than Harding opposed it.

Mr. Coolidge would not recognize the soviet government until it agrees to acknowledge the outstanding international debt of Russia. That too was Harding's position. President Coolidge would encourage the railways to consolidate, but he doesn't want the present arrangements as to rates and labor conditions to be upset. He recognizes the difficulties of the wheat farmer and the stock raiser, but he is inclined to believe that they are to be relieved rather by reduced taxes, fairer rates of transportation, cooperative marketing, diversified farming and temporary aid in the export field by the War Finance Corporation than by the government's fixing prices.

The message met, as every message meets, both praise and disagreement. Most of the Republican politicians and the Republican

editors expressed entire satisfaction with it. The Democrats found fault with certain passages that took ground to which they are opposed, but most of them found much in it to commend.

The severest critics were the more extreme members of the "agricultural bloc"—men who were originally Republicans, and who often call themselves so now, but who have grown to be more and more out of sympathy with the majority of the party. They do not like the President's views on the agricultural situation or on the proposed reduction of taxes on incomes and profits, and they said so very plainly. They are numerous enough to hold the balance of power in both houses, and they can keep any Administration measure except the appropriation bills from passing.

No Congress is in the humor to do much when a Presidential election is approaching, and the present Congress, having a nominal Republican majority that is unlikely to act in concert, will probably accomplish little this winter. President Coolidge's message is less a programme of hoped-for legislation than a political declaration of principles. As such it seems to have increased his hold on the confidence of most of his party associates, but not to have done anything to reconcile the Western insurgents, including Senator Johnson of California, to the prevailing type of Republicanism.



CONVENTION AND CONVICTION

SOME years ago there was a great deal of talk about Philistines. Nowadays we have perhaps discovered that we all have something of the Philistine in us and talk less about Philistinism. At any rate, an austere and ardent spirit used to say that a Philistine is one who lives, not from conviction, but from convention.

What a splendid thing it is to live from conviction, always to know why you do a thing and to feel that in doing it you are acting in accordance with the profoundest reasoned laws of nature and of your being! Unfortunately for some of us that is a little difficult to accomplish. We mistrust our reason, and we have not that assurance of all our convictions which enables us with firm serenity to guide our steps by them. Moreover, we observe that convictions are somewhat dangerous. The people who are always talking about them and thinking about them seem to live inside a thorny hedge, and those who come too near are likely to get pricked. The thorns even grow inside as well as out and often make the owner of the hedge most uncomfortable.

Then, do what we can, ninety-nine one-hundredths of our lives are necessarily made up of convention. The thousand little indispensable acts that we perform daily cannot be reasoned out or formally justified. They must be done by instinct, just as they come. We should be monsters if we attempted or thought of anything else. The lower animals live wholly by instinct; that is, by convention. It is only a small part of our existence that can be guided by deliberate conviction, and, though that part is the richest and most important, it is also the most potent for disappointment and failure. We are a mass of conventions, and we should thank God that we are. Only, we should always be ready to recognize the element of falsehood in convention, its tendency to artificiality and insincerity. At any time one small spark of real conviction may kindle the whole light, vast fabric and sweep it away. We should respect convictions in others and realize that they are the power that moves the world. For ourselves we should seek convictions and test them and cherish them and live by them as much as we can.



THE BRITISH ELECTION

Premier BALDWIN'S first effort as a party leader met with disaster. When he hastily dissolved a Parliament scarcely a year old and challenged the economic policy of free trade under which Great Britain has existed and prospered for almost eighty years he believed that the depressed condition of British industry, the low state into which British agriculture has fallen and the growing feeling that the British Empire must find its prosperity within its own boundaries instead of through international trade would all work together to swing the voters into line behind him. His calculations were wrong. The Conservatives

lost some ninety seats in Parliament, of which the Liberals, united again by the threat to their fundamental policy of free trade, gained almost half and the Labor party the rest. In the new Parliament the Conservatives are in a minority of at least ninety against a combined opposition.

The situation is confused and puzzling. No party is strong enough in itself to sustain a government, and the prospect of a coalition government is not promising. Mr. Baldwin is not likely to retain the premiership, for he is a new man in politics, and his hold on his party is hardly strong enough to survive so serious a reverse as he has met with. It is at least possible for the Conservatives and the Liberals to form a temporary coalition under the lead of a moderate Conservative like the Earl of Derby; it is perhaps possible, though less likely, that the Liberals and the Labor party may patch up a government that would hold together long enough to pass routine legislation; but neither combination could agree on a course that would help the country to face with any confidence its many difficulties both in foreign and in domestic affairs. Conservatives and Liberals are united in opposing the plan to make a levy on capital, which Labor proposes as a means of getting back to the firm ground of governmental solvency. Labor and the Liberals are firm against protection even when it is disguised under the name of imperial preference. The other possibility is the revival of the kind of coalition that Mr. Lloyd George headed while he was premier—a sort of Centre party, made up of moderate Conservatives and conservative Liberals. But that would command an insecure majority, if indeed it could command any majority at all.

By the time this issue of *The Companion* reaches our readers some arrangement will have been made. That it will long endure is improbable. The politicians are already looking forward to another general election, though there is no certainty that the result would be any more conclusive than that reached on December 6. Meanwhile unemployment and high taxes will continue to distress the people at home, and the government will remain powerless to improve conditions on the Continent.

One thing only is decided: Great Britain is not yet ready to adopt protection.



THE WHEAT SITUATION

THE present agricultural depression is felt mainly by the wheat growers; at least the price of wheat is more depressed than that of any other of the principal farm products. It is commonly believed that the low price is owing in part to the fact that our hitherto best customers on the other side of the Atlantic now have little or no money with which to buy. The view is probably correct, although a number of arguments to the contrary have been advanced.

The chief of those arguments is that Europe has bought approximately as much American wheat during the last year as it bought in pre-war years when the price was higher. It is not a convincing argument, because you can generally sell large quantities of a useful article if you will sell it at a low enough price. In order to induce impoverished Europe to buy our wheat in the customary quantities our wheat growers have had to offer it at low prices. If they had not done that, they would have had a great deal of wheat left on their hands.

That is a temporary condition which time will alter, but some of the general and permanent aspects of the wheat situation should be considered. In this country wheat has been mainly a frontier crop. A hundred years ago the wheat belt was in western New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Down to the end of the nineteenth century every decade saw a westward movement of the centers of wheat production, until at the present time they are found in central and western Kansas, in the valley of the Red River of the North and in eastern Washington. The reason is that wheat is most economically produced under extensive cultivation; that is, where comparatively little labor is applied to a comparatively large area of land. As the country becomes settled and there is more labor available in proportion to the land, other crops become more remunerative, and the wheat belt moves westward to new areas where labor is relatively scarce and land relatively abundant.

The westward movement of the wheat

belt has apparently ended. Wheat growing is now concentrating in the semi-arid belt midway between the humid and the arid regions. The reason is that wheat is one of the best of all drought-resisting crops. It flourishes where the climate is a little too dry for corn or any of the other large crops. That should be considered with some other important facts. More than three-fourths of the land area of the world is arid or semi-arid and therefore too dry for most farm crops. A considerable part of that vast area is suitable for wheat. One of the results is that more than half of the wheat of the world is grown on dry land by methods that are usually described as dry farming. As the world's demand for wheat increases it can be supplied in almost indefinite quantities from the dry areas. Inasmuch as it stands transportation better than most food products, it will be a more profitable use of the world's resources to draw upon the dry regions for our breadstuff and devote the relatively small moist areas to other crops. That is a fact which wheat growers in moist areas should consider seriously.



TO OUR READERS

THE MILESTONE COVERS

so called because each celebrates a milestone in the historic progress of the United States—will during 1924 prove of even more interest and artistic beauty than those that have preceded them. Among those already arranged for are pictures of historic scenes and incidents in the states of Iowa, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware and Colorado. The artists are William D. Eaton, Arthur E. Becher, Frank E. Schoonover, Frank B. Hoffman and F. C. Yohn. A picture of Franklin at the Court of France will be painted by André Castaigne.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



CURRENT EVENTS

THE Mexicans are once more demonstrating their instinctive preference for bullets over ballots as a means of determining their presidential succession. Following hot-foot on the news that President Obregon was favoring General Calles instead of Mr. de la Huerta for the presidency came word of a lively revolutionary uprising on the part of De la Huerta's friends. The revolt had its stronghold in the state of Vera Cruz, and the city of that name and also Jalapa, the capital of the state, were quickly seized by the revolutionaries in spite of the opposition of the national troops. There was unrest also in Zacatecas, Jalisco and several other states of the republic. Among the dispatches from Mexico City one announced that General Calles had abandoned his candidacy and was taking the field against the Huertistas. The votes are interesting, but the "Presidential primaries" are still to come.



MOST of the ships that have been smuggling liquor into this country are of British registry, but the other day the Coast Guard seized a Dutch schooner, the

Zeehond, two miles off Fire Island with a quarter of a million dollars' worth of whiskey and wine in the hold. The cargo is said by the authorities to be the property of one E. H. Kessler, who has recently been convicted of illegal traffic in liquor, and who is referred to as the "king of the bootleggers." The captain of the Zeehond denied that, however.



THE engineering experts of the General Electric Company have built a boiler that supplies both steam and mercury vapor to turbines used for generating electricity. They report that the combination enables the turbines to create fifty per cent more power than steam alone can produce from the same amount of fuel. The boiler is hardly perfected as yet for commercial use, but the men who are experimenting with it believe that it will prove the greatest advance in the economical production of power since the introduction of the steam turbine. The mercury, according to the newspaper accounts, is first vaporized in the new boiler; the vapor is then used to drive a turbine, and the exhaust is condensed by a process that uses the latent heat of the mercury to generate steam at a pressure that is suitable for use in existing steam plants.



FROM Canton, China, comes news that men from foreign warships have seized the custom house there and are administering the customs. It seems that Sun Yat-sen, who is at present in political control of Canton, was dissatisfied with the apportionment of customs revenue by the Peking government and threatened that, unless he got a larger share, he would make Canton a free port and stop the collecting of revenue altogether. But the Chinese customs, or a part of them, are pledged to pay the interest on certain loans made to China by foreign nations, and the representatives of those nations—Great Britain, France and Japan especially—determined that there should be no interference with the orderly collection of the duties. Sun Yat-sen promised the British and the French commander that he would not try to seize the customs house if the measures taken by the foreign ships were sufficient to prevent him—as apparently they were.



THE report of the Secretary of Agriculture, transmitted to Congress by the President, estimates that the aggregate income of the farmers of the country during 1923 was \$1,250,000,000 greater than in 1922. That is encouraging, since it shows that the farm situation is definitely improving, though Secretary Wallace points out that the fundamental difficulty, the relative lowness of the prices of farm products as compared with the prices of what the farmer must buy, still exists. The discrepancy is greatest in the prices of wheat and live stock.



THE "proposal conventions," which are a unique part of the political system of South Dakota, indicated that the Republicans of that state prefer President Coolidge to Senator Johnson, and that the Democrats prefer Mr. McAdoo to Mr. Ford. The Republican convention also declared for Senator Capper of Kansas for Vice President. The votes are interesting, but the "Presidential primaries" are still to come.

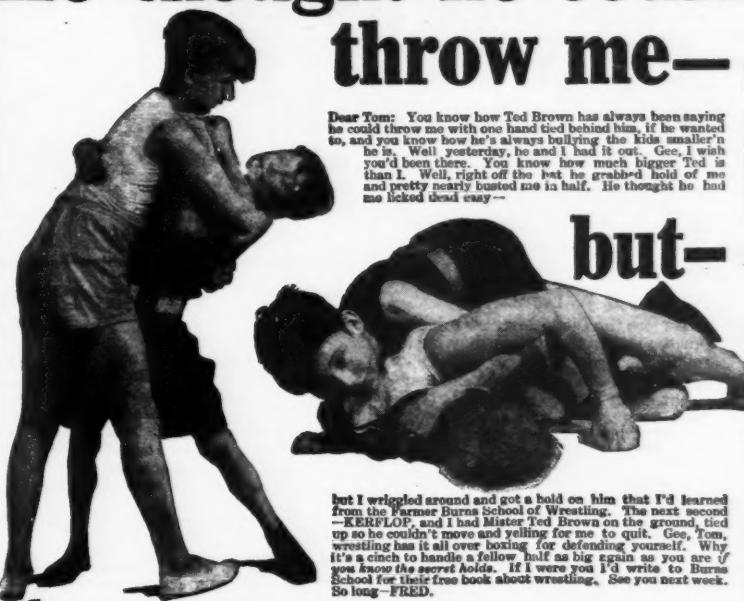


IT is perhaps worth noticing that the "boroughs," which means the city population of Great Britain, returned 120 Conservatives, 65 Liberals and 111 Labor candidates at the recent election. The "counties," or rural constituencies, returned 117 Conservatives, 86 Liberals and 79 Labor men. These figures are, however, not complete.



THERE is a strong movement to prohibit absolutely in this country the use of heroin in any form. It is used medicinally, but it is said that it can produce no effects that some other agent cannot produce as well, and that it is the most insidious and harmful of all the habit-forming drugs. The Chief City Magistrate of New York says that ninety-eight per cent of all the drug addicts who are committed for crime are users of heroin, and the Treasury report on narcotic drugs adds the startling assertion that the slaves of heroin are usually young, that in fact a large number of them are boys and girls less than twenty years old.

He thought he could throw me—



Dear Tom: You know how Ted Brown has always been saying he could throw me over and I'd be all right. Well, yesterday, he and I had it out. Gee, Tom, you know how he always bullying the kids smaller'n he is. Well, yesterday, he and I had it out. Gee, Tom, you'd been there. You know how much bigger Ted is than I. Well, right off the bat he grabbed hold of me and pretty nearly busted me in half. He thought he had me licked dead easy—

but—

but I wriggled around and got a hold on him that I'd learned from the Farmer Burns School of Wrestling. The next second —REALLY!—I grabbed Ted Brown on the ground and tied up so he couldn't move and yelling for me to quit. Gee, Tom, wrestling has it all over boxing for defending yourself. Why it's a cinch to handle a fellow half as big again as you are if you know the secret holds. If I were you I'd write to Burns School for their free book about wrestling. See you next week. So long —FRED.

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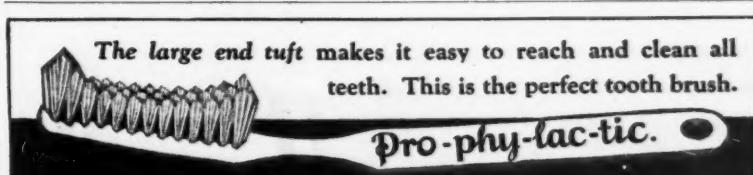


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THE CAVE OF DREAMS

By E. W. Frentz

ONCE more the Little Men are bringing out the letters that, when they are all set in their proper places, will make the sign and mark the place of the children's parties that begin here today and that will come once every week for a whole year.

The Cave of Dreams, out of which they bring the letters, is a wonderful place; so large that it contains many whole cities, where all kinds of children live; and great woods, where there are wild animals that the Little Men have to get together from all parts of the world, and that they have to feed every day, each one with the kind of food that it has been used to and likes best; and there are beautiful farms, too, on which live grandfathers and grandmothers and uncles and aunts and all kinds of pets, and where children from the cities can spend their summer vacations in picking berries and feeding the cattle and learning to ride horseback and playing in the big barns on rainy days.

The Cave is so wide and high that the children who pass through the entrance never think of it as a cave and would not know that they had left the plain, every-day world outside if it were not that the new world inside seems to have been made for them alone, and everything in it is within their reach. They can go where they please and stay as long or as short a time as they wish. They will find new games that the Little Men have planned for them, and friendly children that they have never met before, ready to play with them. If they walk in the woods they may meet Little Bear and his parents, Father Bear and Mother Bear, on their way to a picnic, and perhaps can hear all that Little Bear says and what the other animals say to him. They can see the curious trick by which a strange, dark-skinned people drive the monkeys away from their gardens without hurting them, and how they capture a tiger alive. They can hear old Mr. Groundhog tell what it means when he comes out of his den on Candlemas Day and sees his shadow, and what the white-throated sparrow said to little Sam Peabody.

It may be that their way will be along the

MY CHOICE

By Edith Miller

*The world is such a lovely place
When I've been good
And done through all the livelong day
The things I should!
The sun is bright as bright can be,
The birds sing too,
And I can't help but just be glad.
Now, shouldn't you?
And when I go to bed at night
The stars above
Seem kindly eyes that shine on me
With smiles of love.*

*The world is such a dreary place
When I've been bad.
The sun won't shine; the birds won't sing
To make me glad.
My kite just will not fly at all,
My horse won't go,
My tower of blocks all tumbles down.
How do they know?
And when I go to bed at night
The stars just seem
To be big glittering eyes of beasts
That glow and gleam.*

*I like the sunny days the best
When I've been good
And done through all the livelong day
The things I should.*



DIPPER, DIPPER IN THE SKY

By Nancy Byrd Turner

*Dipper, dipper in the sky,
All of gold and hung so high,
When you scoop the water up
In your pretty polished cup—
Scoop it up and dash it down
Over river, field and town—
Always 'tis a cloudy night,
And you're hidden from my sight.*

*I can never see you do
Magic, as I'm longing to.
Dipper, how I wish some night,
When the sky is crystal bright,
That you'd toss a quart of rain
Right against the windowpane,
Dashing, splashing, sliding, slipping—
Dipper, let me see you dipping!*

Road of Wonders, where the gum trees bear gumdrops of all colors and flavors, and the plum trees are loaded with sugarplums, and milk flows from the milkweed, and honey drips from the honeysuckle, and the muddy-looking ice on the skating pond is really butterscotch and taffy. If they go to play in the great pile of white sand, and the sand slides down and buries them, and they wonder how they are going to get out, they find to their wonder and delight that the sand is really sugar, and they can eat their way out.

All about the cave the Little Men are busy every day of the whole year, but the children seldom see them; they see only what comes of their work. First there are the different seasons, which must be brought round in time. When December comes the Little Men must get loads and loads of snow, till every thing is buried in it and all the trees are bending under the weight of it; and they must freeze all the water in the ponds and streams, to make it safe to skate on; and they must make sleds and skates and tobog-

gans and snowshoes and hockey sticks and put a heavy crust on the fields and pack the snow hard in the roads, so that the children can slide on it; and they must get together piles of coal to make eyes for snow men.

Then, when March comes, they have to start the pumps that send the sap up into the trees, so that the children in the cave can have maple sugar; and they have no sooner done that than it is time to mix the lovely light green and yellow and pink paints for the new leaves, so that boys will know when they should begin to make whistles and little girls will remember to gather pussy willows. In the summer the boats must be got ready for the water, and the water itself has to be warmed till it is safe to swim in it; and the Little Men must plan the trips to the farm, and see that all the pets are there, ready for the children's coming. The fall, of course, brings the work of loading the trees with fruit and nuts, and repainting the forest in red and gold, and preparing places for the little animals to spend the winter, and showing the children in the cave how to get the big pumpkins into the barn in the easiest way.

But the pleasantest work of the Little Men, though it is also the most difficult and delicate, is making the sounds of the cave and keeping the lights always turned on. The sounds must be those that please the ears of children and therefore must be made up of many things—the barking of dogs, the songs of many birds, the tinkle of little bells and the booming of big ones, the laughter of running water, the cracking of timbers on frosty nights, the lowing of cattle, the rattle of milk wagons on the cobblestones of cities at four o'clock in the morning, and many other things, all mixed together and stirred and cooked and skimmed, until each one can be heard alone, pure and clear, and yet all together make melody for childish ears like the music of an orchestra.

But the light is the hardest of all to make, for it is not the light of the sun or the moon or the stars or of candles, but the light of childhood, which touches everything with its rosy fingers and makes everything beautiful. When the Little Men get that they are happy, for they know that in it the children intrusted to their care will be happy, too.

The door of the Cave is always open, and all may enter who will. Those that go in will find beyond the magic gate those dear joys that mean so much to childhood and pass so quickly.

BUFFALO BILL

By Anne Acton Welborn

HORSE traders had arrived in the village. As usual, the loafers on the porch at the store eyed them with suspicion, but the doctor, who was returning from a call in the Pumpkin Run neighborhood, looked at them with decided interest. Doctor Tyler loved horses.

"That's Doc, going down the street now," drawled one of the loafers in answer to a horse trader's question. "You might make a trade with him," and he chuckled as he thought of some of the horses the doctor had bought. Had the loafers known that the doctor's quick eye had rested favorably on the boniest and sleepiest of the deplorably poor, bony, sleepy lot, they would have broken into shouts of laughter.

The Tyler home was a large, old fashioned, two-story frame house with a portico in front. Morning glory and Madeira vines clambered up one side of the portico and shaded it from the afternoon sun. Fruit trees and shrubbery and flower beds filled the spacious yard. A grape arbor in front of the house led to two large spruce trees—a most inviting place to sit on a summer afternoon.

On this particular afternoon the family were gathered in the cool shade of the grape

DRAWN BY HELEN STRONG



SENSE AND NONSENSE

By Pringle Barret

*A scholar good is Mary Wood;
She studies how to spell
And tries her best to learn the rest
Of all her lessons well.*

*And I can't say that Bobby Day
Is really very bad.
He only draws a bit, because
He simply cannot add!*

arbor. Mother was darning a pair of stockings; there were always stockings to darn or buttons to sew on or mending to be done. Grandmother, who spent her summers there, was piecing a quilt. Ann sat by her and worked on a handkerchief, for grandmother thought that all little girls should learn to sew. The stitches were long and uneven, but Anne's father was very proud of her work. Willie, Jamie and Helen were arguing which could run the fastest.

"I can run as fast as you boys can," boasted little Helen.

"Oh, you are always behind," said Willie teasingly.

At that moment they were startled by their father, who appeared at the side gate, leading a brown, forlorn, starved-looking pony.

"George, you have not bought that!" It was half a question, half a despairing remark from the mother.

"Thought he would be nice for the children, Martha," answered the doctor, a little shame-faced.

"But we need so many things," almost wailed mother.

"I am sure he has some good traits, Martha, or George would not have bought him," said Grandmother Tyler.

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CONTINUING THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Ann looked uneasily from grandmother to mother and back at father, for she knew that mother was planning to get a new set of dishes with the very first money that father could spare.

"What's his name, father?" asked Willie, the eldest.

"Bill, Buffalo Bill. He is an Indian pony."

"Can I ride him, father?" asked Jamie.

"You can if you can stick on." Father's eyes twinkled.

"May I?" corrected Jamie.

"Yes. Give me your foot. Now up, you go," and with a leap Jamie landed on Buffalo Bill's back.

"I want to ride too," pleaded little Helen. And father swung her up behind Jamie.

"Hold fast to Jamie, Helen," said her mother as she watched them start for the barn with Willie leading the pony.

"What did he cost you, George?" asked grandmother. She had stopped her piecing the quilt to look at the brown, skinny animal that was delighting the children.

"Twenty dollars, and that includes the harness. It was a bargain." The doctor's eyes smiled.

"Mother could have bought the dishes with that money," thought Ann. She watched her sister and brothers go out at the side gate.

"Go with them if you want to, Ann; the pony is yours as well as theirs," said father.

Ann slipped quietly away to join her brothers and sisters with the new live toy.

"The pony was half starved and ill treated, Martha," said the father. "besides, I thought he would be so much pleasure to the children. They were so fine about giving up Molly, and they had to give up Dash too—good old Dash that the children have had since babyhood."

"Yes, that is true, the children need some animal to care for," answered mother, and she pushed the dishes a little farther back in her mind.

"George, do you think the children are safe with a strange horse?" asked Grandmother Tyler anxiously.

"Perfectly. There is no kick to the animal now, but in a few days we shall have to watch him," replied the father. He picked up a newspaper as if to stop further talk.

Mother went on with her darning and grandmother with her piecing. Fa'nt sounds of laughing and talking came from the children at the barn, who had given Buffalo Bill a drink and four ears of corn, which he ate ravenously while Willie curried, Jamie sponged, and Helen petted him. Ann stood quietly and looked on.

"And to think that this pony is ours!" exclaimed Willie. "Whoopie!"

"I know that mother is disappointed, though," said Ann.

"Why?" asked the other children.

"She wants some dishes that she saw in Fret's store at New Harmony, the ones with the blue pattern. She was planning to get them just as soon as father could spare the money. Only this morning she said that father had collected twenty dollars unexpectedly from a Wabash fisherman who lives near Foote Lake. How he ever got that much money I don't know, for mother says 'they are as poor as a church mouse.' Many a night father has had to take that long trip over there; one of the children has always a 'chillin' in the summer and 'pneumonia fever' in the winter," Ann stopped quite out of breath. That was a long speech for her.

"I'm sure that father didn't know mother wanted the dishes or he would not have spent the money for this pony," replied Willie.

"Well—we could—sell him," suggested Ann.

"Sell him!" cried the three children in dismay.

"Our lovely, lovely pony!" and Helen petted and talked in low tones to Buffalo Bill, who seemed to understand, and who looked at her with grateful eyes.

Willie and Jamie gave Ann reproachful looks.

Ann said nothing; she was rather glad that her suggestion had not met with ap-

proval, for she thought of the many happy hours they would have riding in the pasture and in the clover field.

When the four little Tylers were called to supper, they left Buffalo Bill with many loving pats and promises of good food and happy days. When mother saw the beaming faces of the children she forgot the dishes and listened with pleasure to their chatter about Buffalo Bill.

"I have had a chance to sell the pony," said their father. "Mr. Alexander, the blacksmith, offered to give me five dollars more than I paid for him; but I told him that the pony belonged to you children."

The children looked quickly at one another, then down at their plates. Their chatter ceased. As soon as the meal was over they started to the barn.

"It has to be done," declared Willie positively. "We must sell Buffalo Bill. Five dollars more than father paid for him! It has to be done. Mother wants those dishes, and she shall have them."

"Yes," replied Jamie, "she certainly shall."

"Oh! Our lovely, lovely pony," wailed Helen.

Willie led the poor, dejected-looking pony out through the yard and the big gate. Buffalo Bill's legs were so stiff that he could hardly walk. Down the street they went; Ann, Jamie and Helen followed silently behind.

"We've brought the pony," said Willie and before the astonished blacksmith could reply they were hastening home to tell their father.

"We've sold Buffalo Bill, father," and Willie's lips trembled.

"Sold him!" exclaimed their father. "I don't understand; I thought you children were delighted with the pony."

"But—mother—wants some dishes with a blue pattern," said Ann timidly.

"Dishes! Haven't we plenty of dishes?" asked their father, astonished.

"Yes, but they are just plain white, and mother wants some with a blue pattern," said Helen.

"For best," chimed in Jamie.

"Oh! I see," answered their father, "and you have sold the pony to buy the dishes for your mother."

The children nodded.

"Good! That's fine! I'm glad that you children are so unselfish. But let's keep it a secret until the morning," and father's grey eyes twinkled.

The four little Tylers were almost in tears.

Not a word of sympathy from their father. their good, kind father who sympathized with them in everything. Sadly they went to the house where grandmother was sitting on the portico, waiting to tell them a story before bedtime. Grandmother was a wonderful story teller.

"What shall it be this evening?" and grandmother smiled as the children gathered round her.

"Joseph and His Coat of Many Colors," they answered without enthusiasm. But their favorite story failed to bring forth the usual questions and interest.

"Bed time, children," called their mother, and silently they went up stairs.

After the children were asleep mother went into the room and saw four little tear-stained faces. "I wonder what the trouble is; they were so happy at supper time and so delighted with their pony," she said.

The sunlight was pouring in at the windows the next morning before the children were up. They had overslept.

"Children, get up," father called, "there is some one in the yard waiting to see you."

Hurriedly they dressed and ran down stairs and out into the front yard. And there under the Rambo apple tree stood Buffalo Bill, quietly eating grass. Shouting and laughing they ran to greet their pet, who welcomed them with a joyful nicker.

"But, father, didn't Mr. Alexander want him?" asked Willie.

"Mr. Alexander was willing to let me have the pony back when he learned why you children had sold him," said father smiling. "Run into the house now and get your breakfast, for we are all going to New Harmony today and get those dishes for your mother at Mr. Fret's store."

"Whoopie!" shouted Willie, "mother will have her dishes with the blue pattern, and we shall have our pony too."

"Whoopie!" repeated Jamie and Helen, and Ann clapped her hands in delight.

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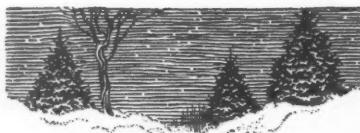
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January 3, 1924



SPRUCE S

By Abbie Farwell Brown

*Little green spruces
Are counting on their fingers,
On a million fingers
Gemm'd with early dew,
All their fragrant uses,
Blessed joy that lingers
Summer time, winter time,
The whole year through.*

*Breathe a million praises,
Little green chorus!
Shake your spicy thankfulness
Through the golden air!
Everliving phrases
Echo in and o'er us,
Telling us our blessedness,
Urging us to prayer.*

JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME

IN the crises of life, writes a contributor, we learn to love the great hymns. I had long known Jesus, Savior, pilot Me, by heart; in strange and trying circumstances I learned to love it.

On a beautiful Sunday morning in the summer of 1913 during the bloody Balkan War eight of us, all Americans, sat on the upper deck of the steamer Ishmaelia on her way up the Gulf of Smyrna. We sang a number of songs and last of all "Jesus, Savior, pilot Me."

None of us will ever forget the fascination of the song on that quiet morning. Over the hills lay the ruins of Ephesus and the other cities to whose seven churches John wrote. Back beyond the headland stood the ocean-washed rock called Patmos, where the exiled apostle "was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." We too were in the Spirit that morning in 1913.

The song ceased, and we all sat in pensive silence. Then the steamer stopped.

"What does this mean?" we asked one another.

I hurried below to make inquiries.

"We have reached the edge of the mine field," answered the chief engineer.

"Can't we go on to Smyrna?" I asked.

"Yes, when the pilot boat comes out and leads the way through the mine field."

Soon the little pilot boat came out to us. Sometimes in its winding course the little boat described the letter S. The Ishmaelia, being a long steamer, frequently had to stop, reverse and maneuver in order to follow the exact course of the pilot boat.

At one place we passed between two ships that had struck mines the week before and had sunk; their masts sticking up out of the water warned us what would be our fate if we did not follow our pilot. Over and over we repeated a prayer to the Great Pilot to guide us right. We got through safe, but a ship that was following another pilot boat struck a mine and sank.

In troubled times since that day I have found confidence and courage from repeating:

*Jesus, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.*

WHAT WE SOMETIMES ARE

THE back gate creaked, says a contributor, and the Bentons, who were at supper, saw a thin young woman from the one-room shack across the alley coming up the back walk, carrying a long, flat package. Behind her marched her sturdy four-year-old boy, and behind him toddled the blue-eyed baby girl.

"Mrs. Crofton wants to show me something," said Mrs. Benton.

"Evidently," replied her husband; he was not fond of his neighbors across the alley.

"The agent brought the picture I was tellin' you about," Mrs. Crofton cried eagerly, "and we couldn't wait for you to see it!" Unwrapping the picture, she stood it against the vine-covered lattice.

It was merely a cheap pastel enlargement in an elaborate frame, but her eyes were shining with pride, and Bobby exclaimed proudly: "Just look at our daddy!" The baby patted the glass and gurgled.

A straight, manly-looking young fellow in khaki smiled back at them. His brown hair curled crisply at the temples; his eyes were as blue and friendly as Baby Mary's, and his chin was as square as Bobby's. And suddenly Mrs. Benton knew why the girl had given her heart to the handsome fellow, had married him just before he went overseas, and had lived on his letters until the proud day when she had placed his tiny son in his arms.

"I didn't have quite enough money to pay the agent," Mrs. Crofton continued, "and I wondered if you would advance four dollars on your washings. He is waiting over

at the house, and he won't leave it unless I have all the money, and I do want the children to have a good picture of their father."

Mrs. Benton had rushed indoors for her purse. Soon a happy trio went down the back walk, and Mr. Benton was looking quizzically at his wife. "I thought you were saving your money for—"

"I was," she interrupted him gayly.

"And your pet name for that fellow has been the 'Slump,' hasn't it?"

"It has!"

Just then the "Slump" came down the alley from the direction of the town. He tilted a chair against the wall of the shack, slumped down on it and watched his wife, who was carrying water from the pump in preparation for the morrow's washing. He was fond of his family, but he had come back to the dingy village and had fallen into shiftless ways.

"Talk about Indians" going back to their blankets," Mr. Benton said in disgust. "After all that training and travel you'd think—"

"Yes, we'd think and think, but it wouldn't do any good!" his wife answered quickly. "Do you recall those lines we read in The Youth's Companion years ago:

*All are sometimes what they always should be;
What we sometimes are we always could be.*

"Don't you remember how we used to argue over that idea? It always upset me, and I could never make up my mind whether the lines were true or not, but when I looked at that picture I seemed to realize that with all my advantages and opportunities I do not live up to my best all the time. Then why should I expect Bob Crofton on a few months' training and a few months' travel to do it? You can laugh at me if you want to—" there were tears in her eyes, "but I wanted those two children to have a picture of their father—at his best!"

Mr. Benton did not laugh.

AN EXPERT ON PREVARICATION

A GOOD story of early days in the West comes from the pen of Mr. T. A. McNeal, author of *When Kansas was Young*. The tale deals with the resourcefulness of a frontier attorney, named Mike Sutton, in the course of a law suit that he was trying.

A witness was on the stand whose testimony, unless it could be discredited in some way, would probably knock the bottom out of Mike's case. It looked as if Mike were "up against it," when suddenly the thought occurred to him to introduce as a witness an expert on prevarication. "Buffalo Jones," the well-known hunter and town builder, was sitting in the room where the case was being tried.

"Buffalo Jones will take the stand," said Mike. The case was in a justice court. "Buffalo" had not expected to be called, but he promptly came forward and was sworn.

"State your name and place of residence," said Mike.

"My name is C. J. Jones. I live in Garden City, Kansas."

"How long have you lived in western Kansas?"

"Thirty years."

"From your experience and observation of men in this western country are you able to tell from the expression of countenance, the manner of speech and the actions of a man whether or not he is a liar?"

"I am," calmly answered Jones.

"You are something of a liar yourself, are you not, Mr. Jones?"

"I am," Jones again answered calmly.

"Have you carefully observed the countenance, the manner of speech and the actions of the witness who just left the stand?"

"I have."

"Will you state to the court as an expert on prevarication whether or not the witness is a liar?"

"My judgment as an expert on truth and prevarication is that he is a liar."

"Take the witness," said Mike triumphantly.

It was in vain that the attorney on the other side protested to the justice of the peace that the proceeding was unheard of, that the books nowhere gave authority for introducing an expert on prevarication, and that in any event Jones was not qualified to testify as an expert.

The justice knew that Mike Sutton understood his business and decided as follows: "It is the opinion of this court that Mike would introduce no incompetent testimony."

AN ELK ON THE TOWLINE

WE were a party of four, says a writer in *Forest and Stream*, and were on an elk hunt in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming. Our cabin was on the shore of a little lake. One afternoon as we were sitting on the platform in front of the cabin we heard the baying of a hound at the eastern end of the lake.

"I'm going down the lake a little way in the canoe," I finally remarked. "Maybe I can get a glimpse of what that dog is trailing."

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when suddenly a large bull elk broke from the underbrush and trotted to the edge of the water. Pausing only a moment, he waded into the lake and struck out for a projecting point of land nearly half a mile away.

After the creature had forged ahead a few hundred yards an idea came to me. There was a long bowline attached to the canoe; why not throw a noose over the elk's antlers and have a free ride?

I picked up the bowline and hastily made a running noose; the other end was fastened to a strong staple in the bow. Then I coiled the line in front of my seat, ready for use.

By that time the elk was some distance in the lead. Picking up the paddle, I plied it vigorously, and after a few rapid strokes I overtook him. Then, quickly rising, I swung the rope, and over the creature's antlers it dropped as "easy as pie."

When the noose tightened the big animal started at a speed that made the little canoe fairly dance on the water. I crawled to the rear seat. Loud whoops and yells came from the direction of the cabin. I waved my hat round my head and yelled with delight. In my excitement I left my seat and perched myself high in the stern with both feet sprawled over the sides.

The elk was veering off to the right, and when we were about fifty feet from the shore he gave a tremendous tug; the canoe slid out from under me as if it were greased, and over backward I went into the lake. The elk had struck bottom.

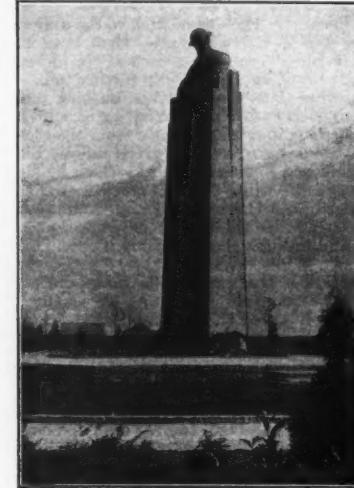
I heard a great splashing and splattering and saw a faint gray streak making for the shore. Then came a loud crash and more yells from the boys.

It required only a stroke or two toward shore before I found my footing. But where was the elk? The animal was nowhere in sight. Nor was the canoe, but the reeds and rushes at the water's edge were bent and twisted.

I waded cautiously ashore. There was a plain path through the brush where the elk had plunged. Following it, I presently discovered the canoe caught between two small trees; the whole front was torn out, and Mr. Elk was probably a mile away and still running.

THE FIRST CANADIAN MONUMENT

THese are the days of impressive war memorials. This imposing monument, the picture of which we take from *Country Life*, is the first of six that the Canadian government is erecting in France and in Belgium to commemorate the chief battlefields on which the Canadian army distinguished itself. It is of gray Belgian granite, is forty feet high



The first Canadian monument on the Western Front

and stands at St. Julien, where the Duke of Connaught unveiled it a few weeks ago.

The other monuments are to have various sites, some of them several acres in extent, that the French and Belgian governments have given for the purpose; and Canada is planting the plots with maple trees — appropriately, since the maple leaf is a national symbol. The only monument that is to be different from the rest is the one that will stand on Vimy Ridge.

THE COLONEL'S HAT

A GOOD story that dates from the days of our Civil War and that illustrates the quiet shrewdness that is often a part of the Quaker character is related by Earl Russell in his autobiography.

A Philadelphia lawyer named Rosengarten, he says, was a colonel in the Northern army and was dispatched to arrest John Janney, a Quaker who had signed the Virginian act of secession. He found the Quakers at a meeting; so he just sat down and said, "I don't want to disturb your meeting, but I warn you that at the end of it it is my duty to arrest John Janney."

One of them rose and said, "Will thee take off thee hat?"

"No," he replied, "it is a Friends' meeting."

"Yes, but thee hat is a military hat."

So the colonel took it off and his sword also, and one of the Friends took them out. After an hour or so the meeting was over.

"Now," said the colonel, "I must remind you that I want John Janney. Pray stand up."

About twenty of them stood up.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "I want the John Janney who signed the act of secession."

"Oh, that John Janney!" they replied.

"Why, he took out thee hat an hour ago."

Rosengarten said that after the war John Janney called on him to apologize for slipping away; he said it would really have been most inconvenient for him to have been arrested just then!

KEEPING AN AUTHOR COOL

THE experiences of a lecture manager with his stars, especially when they are members of the irritable race of authors, are full of color and variety. Mr. J. B. Pond, who has been telling some of his trials to a writer for the Boston Globe, gives an amusing picture of Lord Dunsany's behavior both before and during his appearance in public.

Lord Dunsany, says Mr. Pond, was liberal and thoughtful in giving interviews to newspaper men, but on one occasion just before a banquet he turned into a madman. He paced his room in excitement, tearing his hair and moaning.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "I can't talk! I've nothing to say! I've told all my speeches to the newspapers already! I must think! I must think!" And on he went, pacing the room in a fury.

Now Rupert Hughes, the novelist, had been asked to introduce Dunsany to the gathering. So fifteen minutes before the affair was to begin Hughes appeared and asked me to introduce him to Dunsany so that he might get material for his introductory speech. I did my best to explain to the poet, but I couldn't get a word in edgewise.

"I can see no one! I can see no one!" he yelled. "I must have peace! I must be left alone to think!"

But Hughes smilingly persisted. Dunsany lost all vestiges of self-control. He pushed Hughes to the door. "You must go!" he cried. "You must go now! I will see you after the dinner if you like and talk to you, but now you must go!"

Hughes went, dumfounded. He did not understand until I explained later. Dunsany had mistaken him for another newspaper man seeking an interview!

Well, Hughes did the best he could, did his job perfectly in fact. I only hoped that Dunsany would do half as well.

At last Dunsany's time came. Instead of speaking he decided to read. He sat down, sprawled out—a rather ungainly sight with his six feet, four inches. He got a pitcher of ice water and had it placed on the platform at his right hand. And during the entire time that he read he held his book in his left hand and let his right hand wallow in the ice water, swirling the ice. Every now and then, when he judged that his hand had become sufficiently cold, I suppose, he would raise it to his forehead. Then back it would go into the water.

Now that in itself was rather eccentric, but you can perhaps imagine the gasp of amazement that went up when after he had washed his hand in the water for half an hour or longer he poured himself a glass from the pitcher and drank it!

A BRAVE MOTHER BASS

SNAKES are destructive of fish. Many students of nature have seen the reptiles injure or kill fresh-water fish, even the swift trout. It is astonishing therefore to learn that the tables may be turned. In a recent bulletin of the American Game Protective Association is an account of the courage of a female black bass in protecting her nest of eggs against an attacking water snake.

A student of fish life was watching the mother bass. Many times fish would come near the nest, but the vigilant mother would drive them off. Presently a water snake came swimming along the bank in the direction of the nest. As quick as a flash the bass was after the reptile. She made her savage attack from the rear, thrashing the water into suds.

When the ripples had quieted down the student observed that a large part of the snake was in the mouth of the bass. Once more the surface of the water became agitated; when it was again smooth the snake was gone and the bass was returning to her nest.

HE MIGHT HAVE GUESSED CÆSAR

WHY do people name dogs of which they are fond for such a desperate creature as Nero? We don't know, but like the boy of whom the Los Angeles Times tells we must accept the fact.

"Who fiddled while Rome burned?" asked the school teacher.

"Hector, sir."

"No," said the school teacher.

"Tosser, sir."

"Tosser!" exclaimed the teacher. "What do you mean? It was Nero."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."

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A LITTLE AFFAIR WITH AMERICAN HORSE

By Franklin Welles Calkins

WHEN Timothy Howe, a widower, went West soon after the Civil War to become a wood-and-hay contractor on the largest of the Sioux reservations he took with him his two well-grown boys, Jeff and Whit.

As it was often necessary for the hay-makers to camp at a considerable distance from the military posts, Howe made friends with the Sioux. He fed them at his camp, swapped horses with them, openly admired their ponies and their way of handling them and showed a friendly interest in all their belongings and in their ways of doing things. He learned to speak their language and encouraged his boys to do the same.

At one of the posts near which Howe camped there were women who openly criticized his management of his boys. On one occasion when the boys, dressed in buckskins and with feathers sticking at barbaric angles from their slouch hats, rode up to the fort with a band of hilarious young Sioux the commandant's wife remonstrated with their father. "Mr. Howe," she said severely, "you will have those fine boys ruined if you allow them to keep such wild company."

The contractor was a trifle nettled. "Oh," he replied brusquely, "they're learning—they're learning, madam, and knowledge never comes amiss."

His words were prophetic, as the anxious lady learned several months later.

In the autumn the contractor was called to Denver as witness before a court. He left the boys at his hay camp, where a large force of men were at work stacking and baling.

One day when all were in the hayfield, which was on a river flat, a party of Indians rode by on the other side of the stream. That they neither halted nor offered a sign of friendship indicated to Jeff and Whit that they were not from the reservation. Some time after they had passed, Jeff, growing uneasy, rode to the hay camp, which was a mile above. He found the tents rifled of provisions and blankets. It was then too late to chase the thieves, whom the foreman declared to be Shoshones or Utes. Since the campers had cached other blankets and provisions for emergencies, the work went on as usual except that the men guarded the tents more closely.

Three days later a detachment of cavalry appeared on the opposite bluffs, and a scout known as Little Bob rode down to the hayfield.

He inquired whether Indians had passed, and the men told him what had happened at the camp. Jeff took pains to declare that the thieves were not Sioux.

Little Bob asked the boy why he thought so; then he laughed. "Much you know about Injuns! Them's the reds; they're trailin' right back over their tracks, an' they're Sioux all right. Tell ye that by the smell o' their trail."

Then he said that a band of Indians had run off a bunch of ponies that the government had taken from hostile Arapahoes and had killed two night herders. "They are Sioux," he said. "Though they have scattered with their booty, they are all making toward Red Cloud's buffalo camp on Hat Creek."

When the scout had ridden away Jeff and Whit went aside to talk. "The Sioux never ran off that stock," were almost their first words. They were certain also that the Sioux buffalo camp was on Sundance Creek, where their friend Short Lance had told them that the tepees would be pitched, and where he had earnestly invited them to join him and his friends in the hunt.

The boys knew that it would be of no use to ride after Major Quimby, who commanded the cavalry. No information they could give would shake his faith in Little Bob, who was his favorite scout. They knew also that the scout's enmity toward the Sioux, who would not allow him to hunt buffaloes on their reservation, would impel him to strike at them if he had half an excuse for doing so.

"I know what father would want us to do," said Jeff at last. "He would want us to ride to Sundance Creek, which we can do ahead of the troops, who are following crooked trails. If there are no Arapahoe ponies at the buffalo camp, we can tell the headmen what has happened. If, on the other hand, they've got the ponies, we can ride away and let them take their medicine."

"Good!" said Whit. "I'm with you. Let's get out of this as fast as we can."

They dared not tell the haymakers of their plans; and the men, seeing them go, naturally supposed that they were off for a hunt. In thirty minutes from the time that Little Bob had ridden away the boys had saddled their riding ponies and were off. Their path led west of the route that the troops had taken, and a day's ride brought them within sight of the Black Hills, to the north of which Sundance Creek runs into a fork of the Cheyenne River. Late in the afternoon of the second day they fell in with a hunting party of Sioux, who greeted them joyously. The chief, American Horse, was with the party, and he shook hands with both boys two or three times. "I am glad you are come," he said. "Now you shall stay with us, and we will have a big hunt. You shall be my guests."

The boys thanked the chief for his hospitality. He talked freely as they rode toward

"Sure," replied Whit, "but I'm dead tired at this moment; let's get into our blankets."

In five minutes they were sleeping soundly.

Mid-afternoon of the second day of the chase found American Horse and his party a hundred miles from the Sioux camp, hot on the trail of the Cheyennes, who were now making across a great prairie country toward the Mandan towns on the Missouri, where doubtless they expected to dispose of all their stolen ponies before the affair got abroad.

Though the Sioux knew that the raiders numbered a full score, American Horse had brought with him only ten picked men. He depended on strategy to recover the stolen stock and to that end had ordered that camp be made in the high grass of a creek bottom, where he was within striking distance of the Cheyenne camp. His intention evidently was to make the attack that night.

While the ponies were grazing and resting



Behind them all a growing expanse of flame lighted the valley

his camp. It was dark when they all reached it, and the boys believed that they must risk waiting until daylight to discover whether there were ponies in camp that bore the Arapahoe brands, which they had curiously studied at the fort.

But that evening while they were talking in the tepee of American Horse he told them exactly what they wanted to know. "Some Cheyennes visited us today," he said in a matter-of-fact manner that was characteristic of him. "We tried to get them to stay for the hunt. They had a good many ponies that bore the fresh brand of the Great Father. They said that they had bought them. A number of my young men foolishly swapped for some of them."

Here was a dilemma indeed! Jeff and Whit looked at each other in deep concern; they did not doubt the chief's word. Within a few hours Major Quimby, following the trail of the rascally Cheyennes, would be charging into the buffalo camp!

At a word from Jeff, Whit, who spoke the Sioux language the better of the two, told American Horse the reason for their errand to his village.

The chief did not seem astonished. For many minutes he sat wrapped in thought. Then he spoke: "I will send runners at once to meet the soldiers of the Great Father. They will tell the captain the truth and add that we are willing to surrender our village till he is convinced of our innocence. When daylight comes I will take the trail of those dogs of Cheyennes, and you shall go with me. Doubtless we shall see some good fighting." And he calmly knocked the ashes from his pipe and went outside.

"We'll have to go with them," said Jeff in an undertone to Whit, "or the Sioux will despise us as cowards."

each man of the pursuers made for his own use a rope fifteen or twenty feet long braided of the dry grass of the bottom land. Then as darkness came on a scout went forward to find the Cheyenne night camp; the others took to their blankets and slept.

It was near midnight when the scout returned and awoke them, and they started on a slow, wearisome march that to the boys seemed interminable. Finally the party halted within a fringe of timber on the bank of a creek. There the Indians cut their blankets into strips and wrapped the hoofs of their eleven ponies in the muffling folds. They covered the hoofs of the boys' ponies also, for the white boys had not learned just how to do it.

When the party filed out from the trees both boys set their teeth. With extreme caution the party now made another slow march; then they halted and silently dismounted. The boys were aware that the Sioux were preparing something, but they did not understand just what it was until they saw the flicker of matches when at a signal each brave instantly flung himself upon his knees in the long grass and lighted the frayed end of his grass rope.

The mounting was truly "in hot haste," for the grass of the high prairie bottom was frostbitten and dry and instantly caught fire; flames leaped into the wind under the hoofs of the ponies.

The Sioux launched themselves at the Cheyennes with ear-splitting shrieks. Almost immediately Jeff and Whit saw the bare backs of scores of ponies bobbing above the dead grass. Each fiercely screeching Sioux was encircled in a writhing snake of fire as he whirled his grass rope above his head. And behind them all a growing expanse of flame lighted the valley of the creek in a

lurid glow. The wind, which was blowing almost a gale, brought a "head fire" racing after the frantic mob.

Just before the Sioux had lighted their torches they had torn the muffling from the hoofs of their ponies; but Jeff and Whit in their excited state of mind had not once thought of the covering on the hoofs of their own ponies; and in the darkness and the tall grass they had not noticed the movements of the Indians. So the boys on their impeded ponies quickly fell behind the Sioux, and two Indians, who evidently were night herders of the stampeded stock, rode alongside and opened fire on them. Jeff and Whit dropped their blazing ropes and returned the shots. The Cheyennes came close, and for several seconds the firing was fast; but the uncertain light and the motion of the ponies made accurate aiming difficult. The skirmish ended when the blaze of guns and an uproar in front indicated that the Sioux had reached the Cheyenne camp. In a moment the boys were in the midst of the fighting, and if the Cheyennes had not been on foot neither Jeff nor Whit could have distinguished friend from foe. The riding ponies of the Cheyennes had been engulfed in the stampede, and the triumphant cries of the Sioux shrilled against the wind. The Cheyennes had tried to halt the runaway ponies or to catch ponies that had been picketed. Now they were strung along the trail and were shooting as the Sioux came up with them. American Horse and his men halted only long enough to empty their guns and raise the yell of victory; then on they went on the trail of the flying herd, which had mowed a broad swath in the bottom grass.

Jeff and Whit, unhurt in the skirmish, kept with them for a while, but quickly fell behind again. They had ridden half a mile perhaps when the smoke of the fire enveloped them, and suddenly they lurched unwarmed over the high bank of a creek. Whit's pony lighted upon its feet, but Jeff's turned a half somersault, struck on its shoulder and flung its rider far out into the shallow stream. Scrambling to his feet and shouting to Whit that he was thrown, Jeff rushed to his horse as it floundered among the stones. It regained its feet with difficulty and then shied off and stumbled each time Jeff tried to mount. The beast was too badly injured to be ridden.

Whit, who had turned back into the stream, shouted to Jeff to mount behind him. But Jeff's carbine was lying somewhere at the bottom of the stream, and he insisted on trying to find it. While he was hunting, and while Whit, feverish with impatience, was waiting, the "head fire" that they had helped to light was close at hand racing toward them. The smoke lifted, and in the illuminated channel of the creek Whit spied several Indians splashing toward them. "Indians coming!" he yelled.

Jeff lost no time in scrambling up behind him on the pony, and as they dashed at the opposite bank of the creek the Indians, who were perhaps fifty yards away, opened fire on them. Near the top of the steep bank the pony's muffed feet slipped from under him, and he slid to the bottom on his haunches. Both riders were dismounted.

They had gained their feet and turned to fight the Indians, who were leaping at them, when the shrill *yih-yi-hi!* of the Sioux and the crack, crack of rifles rang out above their heads; all the Cheyennes except one, who measured his length in the water, fled.

American Horse had missed his young friends and had turned back with a party to look for them. He did not chase the Cheyennes; he had come only to get the stolen herd. Jeff and Whit were much chagrined when their friends pointed out to them that all their mishaps had come because they had neglected to tear the strips from the hoofs of their ponies.

A slight wound to one of the Sioux and the loss of Jeff's pony were the only casualties in that successful raid to recapture the stock. Several days later the party arrived with the herd at the fort, where Major Quimby held the greater part of American Horse's band as hostages.

When the major had heard Jeff and Whit tell the story of the raid he shook hands with them and congratulated them heartily. "The next time I go after hostiles I shall want you with my scouts," he said. "I'm sure you won't forget to unmuffle your horses' hoofs another time."





NUTS TO CRACK

1. THE MARKET BASKET

There are twenty-four different varieties of vegetables in this market basket. By means of the letters on the outside of the basket you can find out what the vegetables are. Read forward, backward, upward or downward, or diagonally, but do not use the letter in any one square more than once in the same word.



2. AN ANAGRAM PUZZLE

A stranger in my garden might at the — — — While I, sad-heartedly, see only — — — that flourish there. He — — them hastily perhaps as but pernicious weeds But I with — — remember how I let them grow from seeds.

A single word of five letters and four other words made by rearranging the letters of the first are used to fill the five blank spaces.

3. PAT'S PARTY

Our friend Pat gave a party Upon St. Patrick's Day. But who was there and what they did I'll leave you now to say. If you would solve the puzzle And all words quickly see, Remember that each answer Begins with P.A.T.

1. What led to Pat's door.
2. The guard who stood outside.
3. What Pat had just received on his latest invention.
4. His wealthy friend who had lent him the money for it.
5. What the guests had to have while they waited for the day of the party to arrive.
6. The oldest and most honored guest.
7. The guest who was loyal to his country.
8. What the poorest guest wore on his coat.
9. The guest who was too sick to come.
10. The kind of stories they told about the sick man.
11. What they hoped the raindrops would not begin to do.
12. What the ladies used in making their new gowns.
13. What kind of cakes they had.

4. CHARADE

My first is a boy, my next two are a bird, And my whole is a weapon of which you have heard: Not a sword or a spear or a knife or a gun, But it makes the hair rise—in more senses than one.

5. REARRANGEMENTS

Cut off one end of a sharp weapon and find a fruit. Cut off a fourth of the fruit and have a vegetable, or a different fourth of the fruit and have a part of the head. Remove a fifth of the weapon and have a part of a ship; rearrange that, and knocking sounds will be produced. What is the weapon?

Do away with the beginning of a grimace and get a kind of covering for the head; or do away with the end of it and get a kind of vessel. Cut off one end of the head covering and get a large domestic animal, or cut off the other end and get a large bird. What kind of grimace is it?

Cut off one end of a narrow passageway and you will have a body of land that is found oftenest near a coast. Cut off one end of that piece of land, add three fourths of a short measure of length to it and have the same body of land. Cut off one third of that and have a large proportion of the earth's surface.

6. AN ANAGRAM PUZZLE

With eager — — the baby — — into her arms; No flower on earth but — — beside his infant charms, He pulls a pansy's — — and holds it to her eyes; His laugh — — out, a little — —, then fast asleep he lies.

A single word of five letters and five other words made by rearranging the letters of the first word are used to fill the six blank spaces.

7. ENIGMA

The first you always have, and you always have it on hand. The second you have on the first, and often you have it in hand. Sometimes when you're driving one kind of the second you hit the first, and then, unless you're very fortunate, you lose the whole.

8. ENIGMA

I will sing you the song of a proper name: The first part's a river, the second the same. The third is a pet, very playful and kind, And so are the fourth and the fifth, you will find; And after these pets you'll find fifty. Now what Is the twelve-lettered, curious word you have got? It's the name of a mountain all smoking and hot.

9. AN ANAGRAM PUZZLE

A warrior bold with a — — on his sleeve Met a most beautiful daughter of Eve On his big fruit farm and with great — — Said, "The — — apples on every tree Are yours if you'll go to the — — with me." But the roguish — — shook her curly head And down the roadway she laughingly sped.

A single word of six letters and four other words made by rearranging the letters of the first are used to fill the five blank spaces.

Answers to Puzzles in December 6 Issue

1. Key word: PHLEGOMATIC
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
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2427
5278
4854
4240
4045
195

2. Watch: patch, parch, perch, peach, peace, place, plane, plank, clank, clack—Clock.
Wheat: cheat, cleat, bleat, blend, bleed, breed—Bread.
Black: clack, click, chick, chin, chine, whine—White.
Bird: bind, bend, bent, best—Nest.
Lead: load, goad—Gold.

4. JONAH 5. AGE
AROMA GUN
MAJOR ENTER
ERROR EYE
SINAI REBUS
FLAME USE
ERECT SEVER
NABOB EVE
IRENE RELAY
MAINE APE
OPTIC YET
ROACH 6. (1) Diary, dairy. (2) Taxes, Texas. (3) Veto, vote.
ELUDE (4) Mabel, blame. (5) Ferdinand, and friend. (6) Myra, Mary, army.
CAPER 7. A rule. 8. Seesaw.

9. AXIOM
ACORN
TRAIN
DODGE
LABOR
IDAHO
PEARL
LOIRE
11. 10. Ghost, host.

12. A C T
L O T
P U N
A G E
C A R
A R T

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

June 23, 1904.

Dear Quentyne:

The other day when out riding what should I see in the road ahead of me but a real B'r'r Tarapin and B'r'r Rabbit. They were sitting solemnly beside one another and looked just as if they had come out of a book; but as my horse walked along B'r'r Rabbit went hoppity hoppity hoppity off into the bushes and B'r'r Tarapin drew in his head and legs till I passed.

Your loving father,

Theodore Roosevelt

Master Quentin Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, N. Y.



THESE "Letters to His Children" lift Roosevelt at once to a higher level of purely literary attainment than any of his other published writings. They are of tremendously absorbing interest from any point of view. . . . It is the genuine outpouring of Greatheart to his beloved children . . . and it is just because of that that the book must take rank as a masterpiece of literary art, in its very artlessness. . . . In it we see Roosevelt the man, as he can never appear in any more formal life, no matter how faithful. And rarely in the history of the world have we had so full and luminous a portrayal of the personality of any of the few great men. . . . From the standpoint of expression the striking thing is the perfect adaptation of the means to the end. He is writing to children, and for them alone. Never does he go over their heads, or talk down to them, or still worse, make fun indirectly at their expense. . . . Another marked element in these pages is the steady flow of warm kindly humor. . . . There are a number of pen drawings reproduced; "picture letters" which delight one today as much as they must have delighted the fortunate child who got them. . . . The book, in its sound advice, might well serve as a text for any young man. . . . It should and probably will find a permanent place in every American home where the fine things of life are held in esteem.—*New York Sun*.

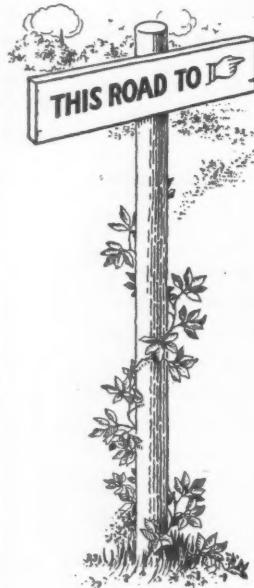
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The Way Out



Does the family budget require a little more than the income supplies?

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Must some means be found to reduce the mortgage on your home?

Have you a pet hobby for which you need extra spending money?

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Just send your address on this coupon and you will receive our SPARE TIME proposition by return mail.

Dear Sir: Kindly tell me how I may become a member of The Winners' Club conducted by The Youth's Companion, and how I may turn spare time to dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

243

Secretary
The
Winners'
Club
THE YOUTH'S
COMPANION
Boston, Mass.



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ACUTE GOUT

GOUT is one of the oldest ills to which flesh is heir. The classical literature of Rome is full of allusions to "podagra"; many of the writers refer with feeling to their personal sufferings. Moreover, the mouldering skeletons of Egyptians of the predynastic period show signs of gout in the joints. In modern times the English, who are the successors and heirs of the Romans, are of all people the most subject to the "scourge of the aristocracy." In America we see less of it; yet it is by no means uncommon, and many physicians believe that it is increasing in frequency. Men suffer more often than women from typical acute attacks of gout, but women are by no means immune to the more chronic forms, as is shown in the crippling of some of the joints and in the deposits of chalky nodes in the finger joints.

A typical attack of gout begins with a sudden severe pain in the great toe that comes on in the early morning and wakens the victim. It is not, however, a clasp out of clear sky; for some days there are almost always premonitory symptoms such as indigestion, shooting pains in various parts of the body, headache, a little fever and a villainous temper. The affected joint is red, swollen and exquisitely tender. During the day the pain is quite bearable, but toward evening its intensity increases and the night is one long torment. The attack lasts a variable period, perhaps a week, perhaps two or three weeks. It subsides gradually, and after it has gone the patient often feels unusually well for a time and, forgetting the past, is tempted to indulge himself again in the pleasure of the table. The disease is not always confined to one great toe; both may be attacked, and so may the thumbs or other digits.

The treatment of gout during an attack is not very successful; the most that can be done is to mitigate the pain by local applications of camphor liniment or other liniments or soothing ointments. During the attack a milk diet modified perhaps with an occasional egg or with rice is advisable. During convalescence the patient must learn to practice moderation in eating and drinking and to take up a new mode of life with long hours of sleep, plenty of exercise in the open air and freedom from worry. Remarks on general and medicinal treatment will be considered in a later article.

THE FIRST STEP

At sight of the small shy figure Miss Neil smiled to herself. She knew the question that was coming.

But after Letty reached the hammock it was a long time before she asked it. Finally after they had discussed the weather and the birds in the orchard and Grandma Hayes's asthma and the latest books that Letty had read and the story that Miss Neil was writing Letty colored and said, "Miss Neil, may I ask you a very foolish question?"

"Suppose you try and see what happens," said Miss Neil encouragingly.

"Oh, I don't suppose I ever could, but I'd give anything in the world to—Miss Neil, what do you have to do to learn how to write stories?"

"That's not a foolish question," replied Miss Neil. "I've had lots of girls ask me. Well, the biggest part of it is hard work and not getting discouraged. But there are a few things—"

Letty waited breathless.

"I should say the first is eyes that can see. It's no use having a fine style if you have nothing to say. If you can't recognize heroes and heroines in real life, how can you expect to know enough about them to make them up in stories? Suppose I give you a tiny examination. How many heroes and heroines do you know?"

"I? Why, not any! I've never lived anywhere but here in the country, Miss Neil."

Miss Neil laughed—a little bubbling laugh that did not hurt Letty's feelings at all. "The country's a very fashionable place for heroes to be born in!"

"Not really!" Letty gasped.

"Yes, really. Why, I've been here only a month, and I've discovered five all by myself. I'm putting two of them into a story this minute."

"You are! And I haven't seen any! Oh, Miss Neil, then I'll never be able to—"

But Miss Neil interrupted her. "Nonsense, Letty! It only means that you haven't used your eyes yet. Go to work and discover them and then practice and practice writing about them till you feel it all through you. Then you will be ready to begin on stories."

"I see," Letty said slowly.

Miss Neil smiled down at the absorbed face.

Letty would have been much amazed to know that what Miss Neil was thinking about was how to make one little girl see how much bigger life itself is than any story.

AN ETERNAL GIFT

HERE is a little passage that we take from a report made to the government by one of its consular agents in Japan. It has a lesson for us in America, so wasteful have we been of our forests and so neglectful of restoring them.

The thirty-mile boulevard that leads from the imperial summer palace at Nikko, Japan, to a near-by village, with stately Japanese cedar trees planted on both sides, towering two hundred feet or more into the air, makes a deep impression on the visitor. The legend connected with the trees is extremely interesting. Several hundred years ago the Emperor of Japan summoned all the noblemen of the country to his summer palace and told each to bring a gift. An impoverished nobleman, realizing that he could not make an offering in gold or silver, carried with him a sack of seeds and, planting them on both sides of the highway, made the remark that his gift would be the greatest blessing of them all, and that his name would be remembered long after the gold and silver offerings of his colleagues had vanished.

Today, many hundred years after the seeds were planted, thousands of persons enjoy the beauty and the grateful shade of the trees, and the seeds from them have caused other cedars to grow up in the neighborhood—trees that have provided many generations with the wood for the construction of their houses.

THE LEGAL HOUR

DAYLIGHT saving is unpopular in Italy because of the name the government ascribed to it. At least that is former Premier Nitti's laughing explanation. The new time was called the "legal hour."

With the advent of spring, says Mr. Kenneth L. Roberts in Europe's Morning After, the Italian government ordered that all clocks be set back an hour so that the people might have the advantage of an extra hour of daylight. But in Italy, as in other countries, a large number of people didn't like the arrangement, and so they made a frightful uproar and organized strikes against the "legal hour." The street railway employees, for example, were striking; I asked one of them his reasons.

"The new hour," said he, "makes it necessary for us to get up too early in the morning. Everything is foggy and dark."

I reminded him that the new hour saved coal for the nation and gave him an extra hour of daylight when his work was done.

"Yes," he said, "but it is too foggy and dark when we get up."

"Our mistake," declared Nitti, "was in calling it the 'legal hour.' We should have known that no true Italian would have endured it. We should have called it 'the illegal hour.' Then every Italian would have been unanimously in favor of it!"

UPPER OR LOWER?

THE man, says the Epworth Herald, had just informed the agent that he wanted a berth on the train.

"Upper or lower?" inquired the agent.

"What's the difference?" asked the man.

"A difference of fifty cents in this case," replied the agent. "The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower, you'll have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of its being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

But the poor man had fainted.

THE IRISH OF IT

Kelly. "If ye force me to pay that note now, I can't pay it."

O'Brien. "But if I wait till ye pay it, I'll never get it!" —New Haven Register.

January 3, 1924

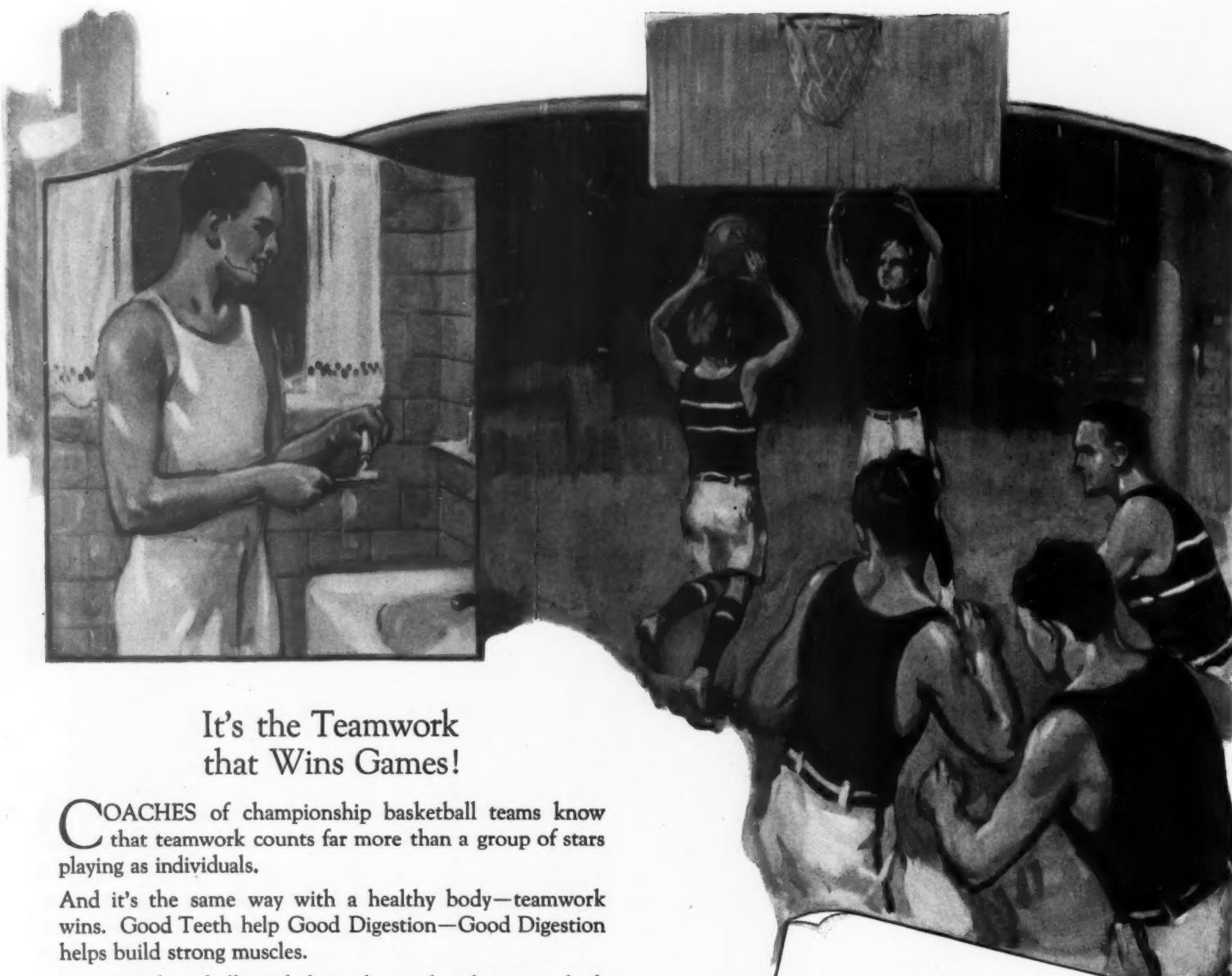
THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

III



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To have these qualifications a man
must have Good Health throughout the whole
year. Good Teeth mean Good Health. So keep
your teeth in top notch condition if you hope
to become an athlete.

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Head Coach - Basketball
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